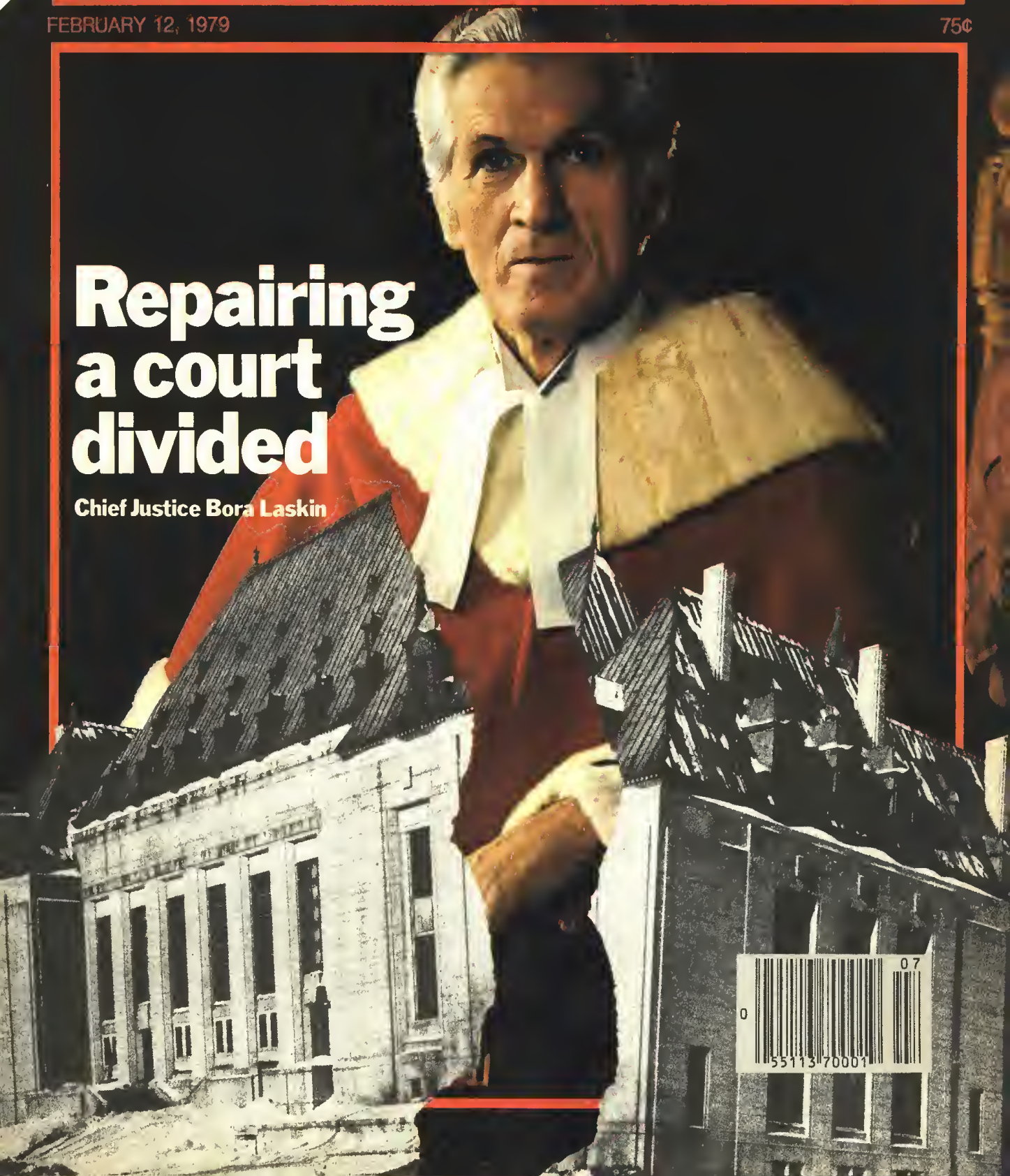
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

The CIA and McGill

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 12, 1979

75¢



Repairing a court divided

Chief Justice Bora Laskin

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 12, 1979 — VOL 92 NO 7



Let your cables do the walking

It smacks of 1984 but when the Manitoba Telephone System sets up its home information services computerized living will be a keypunch away **Page 4**

A special guest

Teng Hsiao ping the first Chinese Communist leader to set foot on American soil has caused more of a stir in Washington than anyone since Krushchev in 1959 **Page 26**





COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY GILBERT STUDIO

COVER STORY

Nine men in search of even-handed justice

Few Canadians would recognize any of the nine people on the Supreme Court of Canada who play such a vital role in the country's civic destiny. For whatever reasons the gulf between court and general public causes misunderstandings on both sides. The dilemma is one of considerable complexity with few simple formulas for its solution. Barbara Amiel examines the court and ponders its future **Page 36**



The CIA affair: a bad trip revisited

In the 1950s and 60s a psychiatric treatment centre at McGill University carried out LSD research on its patients with backing from the CIA **Page 18**

Salome Bey makes hay, and how

She's not Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday or Aretha—she's all of them giving birth to the blues every night in the hit revue *Indigo* **Page 47**



CONTENTS

Editorial 3
Frontlines 4
Manitoba rings in the new age; the man who gives status to flatus; James Jerome—a portrait
Letters 16
Canadian News 18
McGill's acid testing in the '50s—a politician's wife remembers; Trudeau's non-election fever peaks; the airport shell game
The World 25
Raymond Barre and the French connection; Algeria's new man at the top; "majority" rule for Rhodesia; the EEC's big spender; Teng drops in for a visit
Business 31
People 34
Cover Story 36
Architecture 41
Push button housing
Behavior 42
On the wagon—first class
Law 44
Lifestyles 45
Music 47
Books 49
Old tricks from Lawrence Durrell *The Cement Garden*; undressing fashion in *Seeing Through Clothes*; *In Fashion*
Films 54
Sherlock Holmes laughs and cries in *Murder By Decree*; *Ice Castles*; Mae West revamped
Allan Fotheringham/Column 56

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On the trail of the drowning dollar: Sir Walter and his knights-errant to the rescue



By Peter C. Newman

Like an abrupt change in the weather that has somehow eluded the meteorologists' charts, Canada seems suddenly to be in deep and permanent economic trouble. Our dollar remains unstable after dropping 20 cents from its value of only three years ago; unemployment continues to run at well over eight per cent; the balance of our trade (on current account) is down and the spread is widening. *The Financial Post* estimates that during 1979 our real gross national product will increase by only about three per cent for the second year in a row. In the face of all this bad news, the Trudeau government as well as the opposition parties led by Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent have been producing more words than policies, content to bicker instead of moving to resolve the real problems.

Curiously, signs of accumulated psychic energy are beginning to break through the crust of cynicism. The most promising among such efforts was the recent establishment of a Canadian Institute for Economic Policy. This new think tank has managed to enlist the services of John Shepherd and Roger Voyer, the twin geniuses who turned the Science Council of Canada into a wellspring of enlightened policy advice. The institute's vice-chairman will be Professor Abraham Rotstein, the intellectual archangel of Canadian nationalism, who possesses one of the few original minds currently in captivity among the nation's economists.

But the institute's main contribution may be the return to public life of Walter Lockhart Gordon, that sworn follower of great causes who has spent a busy lifetime battling sandstorms of half-truths in countless political wars. Gordon is the outlandish knight-errant of Canadian politics, waving his banner and bending his lance in the service of any crusade that strikes his moral fancy. Unperturbed by the exhaustion of ideology within his own party, Gordon has always been out of step among those astute reckoners of possibilities who dominate the Liberal Establishment.

The weakness of Gordon's past endeavors—and I played a minor role in the Committee for an Independent Canada that he founded—was that the magnitude of his commitment seldom matched the available research. The new institute will help flesh out the policy options available to restore Canada's economic prosperity and retain the country's independence.

At the very least, its reports—and three have already been commissioned in the vital problem areas of monetary policy, balance of trade, and energy exports—will force governments to deal not just with the politics of contentious issues, but with the issues themselves. The institute's founders and thinkers are far too sophisticated to pretend that the search for solutions will be easy. But the quest must begin in enlightenment, and as Professor Rotstein has noted: "It's high time Canadians began to interfere in their own internal affairs."

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Let your cables do the walking

Thanks to the phone company, a hundred Manitoba families will soon be able to use a computer keyboard to call up recipes for eggplant parmigiana on their TV screen. If a fire breaks out in the house, the phone company will be the first to know, and should a burglar trip the door alarm, the phone company will call the cops. It has the ring of 1984, but future shock arrives this summer when the provincially owned Manitoba Telephone System carries out an experiment in new home-information services that hook into coaxial cables.

It's only the beginning of a $1.5-million experiment, according to MTS Vice-Chairman Glover Anderson, whose eyes light up as he describes potential and profitable services that the phone company will eventually be able to offer. In addition to the free burglar alarms and smoke detector systems, hooked up to an MTS scanning computer via the coaxial cable, the selected families will also have the use of a small computer keyboard that can tune into information banks—punch in "mayonnaise, cooked," and up comes the recipe on the TV screen—or up to 35 TV channels, if they want to be old-fashioned. A similar experiment in Britain already allows phone subscribers to call up theatre times, check out the best seats available and then make reservations. The technology is also ready for people to buy the tickets at home, by a direct debit on a personal bank account.

"We can also foresee people pressing a few numbers and calling up the front page of a newspaper onto their TV screen," says Anderson. "When you consider that 60 per cent of newspaper costs are in production and distribution, you can appreciate the implications of this advanced technology."

Private cable TV companies are of the same opinion, and they are alarmed that MTS is dabbling in the field of private data banks without consulting them. Under a 1967 agreement (expiring curiously, in 1984), the phone company owns Winnipeg's coaxial cable system, but the private cable companies own the household drops and amplifiers. Clauses in the agreement, however, allow the phone company to take over the cable drops in each home, provided they pay the cable companies the full depreciated value which, on paper, is zero, down from $10 million. In other words, MTS could easily expropriate.

Gordon Holland, chairman of MTS, is optimistic that the jurisdictional and legal problems will be ironed out, but Jack Baigrie, assistant general manager of Winnipeg Videon Ltd. Cable TV isn't very happy. He insists that MTS needs approval from both the cable companies and the CRTC (Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission) before it can proceed with its new services. "How would they like it if I started selling little black phones?" he fumes. "Just because they're a Crown corporation with 5,000 employees they think they can do anything, but they can't." Baigrie foresees MTS trying to cut into the pay-TV market and freeze out private operators. He also thinks MTS is overly optimistic about the CRTC approval he says they will need.

Videon lawyer Ron Coke was not very conciliatory. "If they try going ahead with their plans without proper consultation with us, they'll be in court so fast they won't know what hit them."

Meanwhile, if the experiment is popular, MTS hopes to extend the new services to 2,000 paying subscribers in 1980 and 1981. And who knows, by 1984 the phone company may be able to feed your fish for you while you're on vacation.

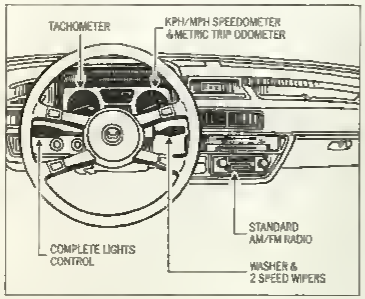
Peter Carlyle-Gordge



THE DARN NEAR PERFECT CAR.

"It's the darn near perfect car." We didn't say it, David Pearson said it. He said it to Brock Yates. In case you don't know, David Pearson is a Grand National Stock Car Racing Champion and Brock Yates is a Senior Editor of Car and Driver magazine, so they both know a bit about cars. And they both own Honda Accord Hatchbacks.

And that isn't all they said. Brock Yates commented further: "One contemplates an Accord and thinks, why in the name of Ransom E. Olds can't all cars be as neatly engineered? Here comes a manufacturer noted for motorcycles, portable generators and outboard motors that within fewer years than you can count on your hands builds a car decades ahead of many of those built by people who've been involved with the business for half a century."



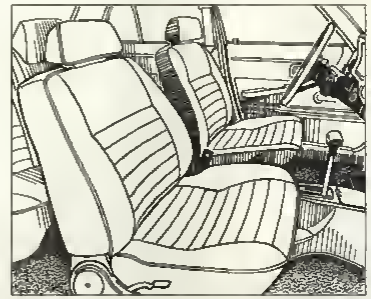
Their enthusiasm is not hard to understand. Unless, of course, you've never driven an Accord yourself. It is perhaps the best combination of luxury and performance that is available anywhere, at anywhere near its price.

An Accord's mechanical credentials are impeccable. It comes with front wheel drive, power assisted front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, 5-speed transmission and fully independent MacPherson strut suspension. All of which help make it a joy to drive.

Small wonder that some of the world's most knowledgeable car enthusiasts own, and love to drive Accords.

HAS A PERFECT PARTNER.

If any criticism of the Accord Hatchback was possible, it might have been that it was a 2-door and therefore not exactly suited to someone who might have a family. We're not sure if anyone ever made that criticism. However, if they did (and even if they didn't), we've answered it. Honda Accord Hatchback, the darn near perfect car, now has a perfect partner: the new Honda Accord 4-door sedan.



Both of the Accords share the same impeccable mechanical features. Both are exciting to drive. But the sedan offers you extra interior room plus the convenience of 4 doors.

Inside the Accord, you'll find yourself seated on fully reclining front bucket seats that are upholstered in warm, comfortable cloth. Directly in front of you, every Accord has extensive instrumentation that lets you know what's happening, when. Including lights that tell you if any of the doors are not closed, or if a brake light is burned out. And just to the right, is a standard AM/FM radio.

But the best way to discover an Accord's qualities is to go to a Honda dealer and see for yourself. Look carefully at the fit, the finish and the detailing of the car. Then take one for a test drive. Whether you're interested in the hatchback or the sedan, we think you'll agree with David Pearson. Either one of them is the darn near perfect car.

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Levitt at the lectern addressing the complaint that dared not speak its name

A doctor studies the flagrantly flatulent

He has been described in the medical press as the man who "has given status to flatus and class to gas." Indeed, Dr Michael Levitt, a gastroenterologist from Minneapolis, Minnesota, has made the study of intestinal gas his life's work. He has been able to provide answers to such pressing questions as what causes gas, how much gas a person normally passes and why stools float. Nothing like it has been done before.

For many patients Levitt's findings have made the difference between social ostracism and acceptance. In his breezy manner, he cites the case of one patient who was desperate for help. "Dear Dr Levitt," he wrote, "my medical problem is that I have a bad case of flatulence. If engineers could hook me up I might be the solution to the national energy crisis. This gas problem is ruining both my social and sex life." The patient described how he had gone from doctor to doctor over the years, they said there was nothing wrong with him, except that he was swallowing too much air. They advised him to chew his food carefully. The patient even consulted a psychiatrist who attributed his problems to a Jewish-mother syndrome. In despair, the patient tried to cure himself. For three years he kept daily charts in which he meticulously recorded the exact time of every passage of gas and every belch. (Levitt would not make a copy of this chart available because the patient is planning to publish a book on the subject. "It's not fair to steal his thunder," he told *Maclean's*.)

The patient passed gas 35 times a day on the average. Levitt had some of his residents keep similar records for several weeks and found that the normal amount of gas passing for males aged 20 to 30 years is 13 times per day. The patient clearly had a problem.

By studying his diet, Levitt noticed that he seemed to have more gas when he drank milk. He then instructed the patient to drink nothing but milk for two days. On the second day he passed gas no less than 141 times, including about 70 times in one four-hour period. "Both these values are pending acceptance by the *Guinness Book of World Records*."

By studying this patient Levitt was able to make some important discoveries. Intestinal gas is not necessarily caused by swallowing air but, as well, by the activity of bacteria, and those people who suffer from flatulence may have a problem of carbohydrate malabsorption. When the patient stopped drinking milk, his condition improved.

Surgical patients with gas are actually in danger of exploding. Levitt cited a recent case in which a surgeon was cauterizing a rectal polyp. A spark of electricity ignited the intestinal gas (in this case hydrogen) with such force that the doctor was blown backward against the wall and the patient's head was jammed into the table. The explosion also blew a six-inch rent in the patient's colon. (He survived.)

Levitt also discovered that some people are better methane producers than others. Methane, the main constituent of natural gas, is produced only by bacteria, and in just one-third of the population. It is this fortunate group that will have floating feces because the methane will make them buoyant.

As for terminology, Levitt avoids any windy circumlocutions, he uses the term "fart" since he claims there is no medical equivalent. He is not alone. In a recent letter to the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. W. C. Watson of London, Ontario, wrote that he used the word fart "factually, without embarrassment at 1310 hours on Wednesday, May 17, in Lecture Room B, University Hospital, during a lecture to the second-year medical class on 'Gaseousness'." He was "persuaded of the intrinsic value of this word, and of its non-offensiveness." Levitt hopes widespread acceptance of the word fart will facilitate the same openness in the whole area of flatulence.

Brenda Rabkin



Montego White Rum and cola.
R-R-RHUMBA!

PORTRAIT

Won't you come home Jim Jerome?

By Roy MacGregor

The immediate problem is to find his footing. In the haste to change from the dignified Speaker of the House of Commons into the scrappy member of Parliament for Sudbury, James Jerome has forgotten his galoshes back in Ottawa. So now he moves with the uncertainty of leather on ice up Durham Street, head bowed to a glass-shivered wind from the north. He passes the beverage room of the Coulson Hotel, open only a few minutes, where already the shuffleboards ring with angry takeouts. He passes a variety store where a bundle of *Sudbury Stars* lean upside down against the door, the headline reading: "National Steel closes April 1, 250 jobs to go." Jerome adds that figure to the 4,000 jobs dropped by Inco and Falconbridge over the past months and arrives at total despair. Today marks the fourth full month of the strike of 11,700 Inco workers. Yesterday there were children on the Copper Cliff picket line, their confused shouts at management forming tiny vapor clouds in the air, then vanishing, instantly forgotten.

Jerome stomps into the office of Doug Frith, chairman of the regional government. Frith is waiting with a tick list of local concerns to work through and leans forward anxiously as Jerome settles deep into the office couch, his sad, prairie dog eyes hinting at the worth of such an exercise. What are the chances of Burwash being revived as a federal maximum security prison? *None.* What about the grant for the Sudbury Theatre Centre? *I can only try again, but arts money is tight.* How about the Eldorado uranium refinery, what chance does Sudbury have? *No worse than 50-50.* Frith leans back, the snow swirling fitfully in the window behind him. This morning, the midpoint of Sudbury's long winter, the total snowfall reached 67.8 inches and was officially deemed the worst winter on record, when the people heard this, they didn't even think of the weather. Frith rubs his eyes. "My God, Jim," he says. "We've *got* to have some good news."



The Ottawa Jerome, in his formal robes an impartial Speaker, and a partisan MP

In the break just before the current session of Parliament returned Jerome full-force to his role as Speaker, he had come to his riding to deliver some small encouragement. On a local television program he had announced tenders were about to be called on his pet project, a $30-million taxation data centre for the area. The woman interviewing him, however, would rather have talked about the strike, as if somewhere there might be an unturned *task* for it, but Jerome would prefer not to talk about the strike. It is long past faith healing. At the door she takes his hand, smiles and half-jokingly tells him, "You're so wishy-washy since you became Speaker, James."

Outside, where the Sudbury air is strangely clear of sulphur, there are other scents building: perhaps the blood of a prime minister, possibly an NDP sweep of a frustrated labor region. Hard to believe that precisely one year ago James Jerome finished the last page of an article for an international bimonthly, *The Parliamentarian*, and concluded: "I am confident that the [upcoming] campaign can be vigorous without being partisan and that decisions and events during this Parliament can be discussed fully, without vindictive reflections on either side." Naive, that, but who—least of all the impartial Speaker of the House—could foresee that electioneering would move from handshaking to eye-scratching in so short a time?

Barely a month after Jerome wrote those words he found himself sitting in the Speaker's chair recognizing John Rodriguez, the NDP member for Nickel Belt, Sudbury's neighbor riding, who was rising to demand the House begin an emergency debate on the layoff of over 1,000 hourly rated Sudbury miners. James Jerome's personal passions were sorely tempted to break free of the Speaker's black robes he has been wearing since 1974. But the seams held. The Speaker decided he would have to abide by his *own* 1975 ruling that there should be no such debate for one-industry problems. Rodriguez's call was therefore rejected. It was, clearly, a courageous decision that probably cost votes, but Jerome had known for some time there was to be no victory for him in this dilemma. When the layoffs first were announced he had moved privately, outside of the House, to bring federal and Ontario cabinet ministers together with labor and industry spokesmen to try to work out a solution. None was found, but for his troubles Jerome, who is generally conceded to be a fair and able speaker, drew a mild editorial slap from *The Toronto Star*: "Nobody blames Jerome for this. Yet he is in a position of moral conflict of interest."

There are, of course, any number of solutions suggested for the Speaker problem, but, as Jerome says, they invariably have the effect of "simply creating new problems." An impartial Speaker who is also a partisan MP—as Jerome is—might be in danger of drifting toward a Jekyll-Hyde existence, but a permanent, appointed Speaker could seriously impede the House of Commons, by turning into a "coldhearted, professional, procedural man" who is difficult to fire should Parliament tire of him. The best answer possibly lies in MP Stanley Knowles' annual private member's bill—which the government annually ignores—to create a special seat for the Speaker to be known as the Parliament Hill constituency, with the other MPs the voters. A Speaker would come to the chair in the traditional way—a veteran member selected by the prime minister and seconded by the leader of the opposition—and would show over the course of a trial period that an election to make him permanent Speaker for one term would be in order. Knowles, the CCF, then NDP, member for Winnipeg North Centre and a recognized procedural expert, has been offered the Speakership by three prime ministers—St. Laurent, Diefenbaker and Pearson—and each time turned it down because of its obvious difficulties. Though he believes Jerome is "doing quite well—I give him first-class marks," it is not a position he would accept.

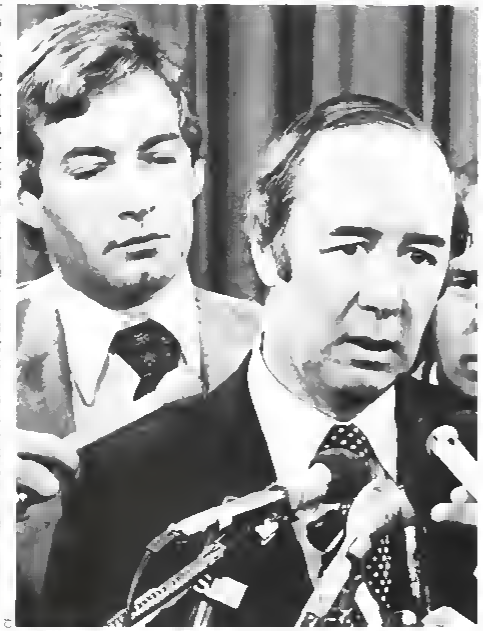
Jerome convincingly argues that his constituency has actually been better served during the four years he has been Speaker. One of the perks apart from an immediate $20,000 raise is the right to an executive assistant who serves as "the *acting* member for Sudbury." "On balance," Jerome says, "[the constituents] probably win more than they lose." They don't see him as much—Dave Laballister, his executive assistant, calls Jerome "a virtual prisoner in Ottawa"—but Jerome does manage a couple of days every two



weeks in his riding. It's no longer so important to be seen—television in the House has made him the first celebrity Speaker—but he must be heard.

To this end he sits in the bleak back room of a Sudbury radio station, sipping warily on a cup of coffee as the phone buttons wink with calls. A caller can't get his pension, an unemployed bricklayer wants a promise that the new tax centre will be constructed out of the caller's favorite building material, a woman whines that her husband's issue of the banned American sex magazine *Hustler* has been caught at the border with its pants down. Jerome dutifully notes each complaint in his left-handed scribble and promises to return in two weeks with answers. It is all small stuff, but Jerome constantly reminds himself of the first time he ran for office, in a 1967 byelection, and lost by a slim total that worked out to less than one vote per polling station. "If you think that you can get one more vote," he believes, "then for God's sake go out and get it." In 1974 he won by a remarkable 10,174-vote margin, but it will not be so easy this time. With the big things all so sour in Sudbury this year, the election may be won on the small things.

Across the room from the guest microphone someone has tacked an inspirational thought to the wall, an Adlai Stevenson quote that claims "Freedom rings where opinions clash." If Jerome could read it, and he can't in the distance, it would remind him more of his alter ego than his present incarnation. In recent months he has, in his role as Speaker, tangled with a furious John Diefenbaker who felt Jerome was deliberately cutting him short (Dief later apologized privately), forced apologies from the prime minister, the justice minister and the Opposition House leader, and very nearly been the centre of an actual constitutional crisis. André Ouellet, then minister of urban affairs, made comments early last summer that Jerome took to imply that Elmer MacKay, a Conservative MP, was guilty of racist remarks. Jerome insisted Ouellet withdraw his remarks. Ouellet refused. Jerome insisted again. Again Ouellet refused. A third time and again refusal. The obvious next step was for Jerome to name Ouellet for unparliamentary conduct and, as traditionally happens, the Government House Leader (Allan MacEachen) would then move a motion of support for the Speaker, forcing Ouellet to leave the chamber. Jerome looked at MacEachen and suddenly realized the House leader was not likely to move such a motion, which would have forced Jerome to resign. With Parliament due to rise for the summer the next day there would have been no Speaker to preside over the final hours. "It came within an ace of being a full-blown constitutional crisis," Jerome says. Perhaps the only other one who realized the severity of the situation was Stanley Knowles who immediately crouched over his desk and wrote out his own motion of support, but doubts it would have saved the day. Fortunately, Jerome asked a fourth time and Ouellet gave in. "It just goes to show you how fragile the position is," says Jerome.



MP Jerome takes the heat in Sudbury with Chairman Frith: gives us some good news

When he took on the job he did so convinced he could, before his tenure ended, initiate improvements in the Speaker's lot. It was certainly not a job he hungered after, he and a great many others firmly believed Jim Jerome was cabinet material. A brilliant debater—he was once a successful criminal lawyer—bilingual, witty and charming, he would have been a natural appointment were it not that, in those days, Robert Andras owned Northern Ontario's cabinet allotment (ironically, in these thin days of cabinet material, there are now three from the region: Andras, Jean-Jacques Blais and John Reid). Jerome had determined, "if it wasn't going to happen this time, it wasn't going to happen at all." He had four children, a pregnant wife, and milking the law was beginning to look a lot more promising than making it. When the Speaker's job fell out of the blue, his wife, Barry, told him "It's a promotion, and if you turn it down they'll overlook you next time around."

He asked the prime minister for an hour alone. It made an odd balance sheet. The $20,000 raise. Duties over 2,000 House of Commons employees. A $67-million budget. A driver. The Speaker's official residence at beautiful Kingsmere, Mackenzie King's old estate. But the other side of the decision . . . was it really in keeping with James Alexander Jerome, honky-tonk piano player, keen NFL wagerer, the type of man who would once pick up his mother-in-law for Christmas dinner in a convertible with the top down? Could he deal with the Queen of England the same way he dealt with "Grey Owl," his wild Sudbury crony who dared show up at Jerome's golf club ball with a pig shot through the heart, antlers tied to its head and the dead animal strapped to the hood of his car?

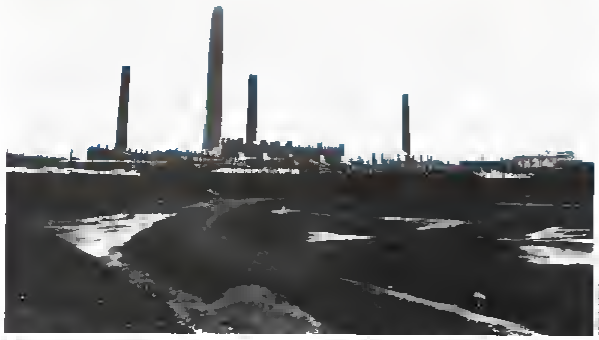
It was hardly his milieu. Apart from rhetoric there isn't a great deal to keep the heart pumping. And yet, Jerome not only adapted well, he has come to love it. "He's like a salamander," says insurance salesman Dan Newell, a close Sudbury friend. Despite a flawed start—Pierre Trudeau neglected to consult



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Ontario Canada



Sudbury's INCO stacks, before strike: will the Speaker please recognize this?

with then opposition leader Robert Stanfield before the appointment was made, as is custom, and Stanfield therefore refused to second Jerome's nomination—his ability to blend in made Jerome instantly comfortable in the House. The requirements of a good Speaker obviously go beyond bladder control, and as Jerome moved closer and closer toward fluency in French and a complete grasp of the intricate procedures, he became a popular and respected Speaker in the same manner as his predecessor, Lucien Lamoureux. Jerome showed integrity from the beginning when he refused to move his family into the official residence in time for school, though his appointment had long since been announced. Jerome waited until Parliament opened and officially accepted him on Sept. 30 before he began thinking of himself as Speaker. The family stayed in Sudbury until the following school year began. Since then, there has been some small criticism about his spending—the residence has new tennis courts, and Jerome kept a government Jetstar at his command all one weekend in New Orleans last spring while he and his aides attended a not particularly important meeting—but the knocks are easily muffled by the praise.

At first Jerome toyed with the idea of running as an Independent, as Lamoureux had done successfully in 1968 (without Conservative opposition) and in 1972 (with opposition). But Lamoureux had done so with the clear understanding that the House would act to clear up the Speaker's dilemma. There were changes—the Speaker gained more power during debate and was moved from 10th to fifth in the "succession" ranks—but nothing was done to alleviate the constituency handicap. Jerome decided eventually that it was unfair to his riding workers and to the opposition parties for him to try to appeal to the voters as a man above politics, particularly in as volatile an area as Sudbury.

If he wins and is again offered the Speaker's job—theoretically anyway, a prime minister Joe Clark could offer it as well—Jerome will serve. Only 45, he is already showing concern for his future, though he knows Speakers invariably do all right. Roland Michener lost his seat when he was Speaker and went on to become Governor-General; Lamoureux is now ambassador to Belgium. Four previous Speakers have gone into the cabinet, something Jerome would probably wish. There has even been talk of him being a "dark horse" candidate to succeed Trudeau and though Jerome says he doesn't take it seriously, nor does he discount it.

But that is hardly the immediate concern. The restaurants are empty in Sudbury, the drinking halls ugly. The longer the strike festers the more it weakens him. He sits, exhausted, talking with old friends in a downtown Sudbury bar and thoughtfully poking the ice in a scotch and water. A waitress arrives with a fresh drink.

"But I didn't order that," he says.

"It's from my brother," she says.

Jerome looks around. There is no one in the empty bar who could possibly be her brother.

"You helped him once," she says. "About 10 years ago."

Jerome's huge eyes tilt in surprise. Ten years! He accepts the drink and raises it in a quick toast. Not so much to the waitress but to long memories. He knows he will need them all in the months to come.

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Ordered law 'n' order

The article *Southern Sheriffs Less Misbehavin'* (Jan. 15) was informative and well written. It gave me an insight into what is happening in the U.S. southern states as it relates to changes in law enforcement. This story is relevant to any Canadian heading south or for those who visit the southern U.S. on a regular basis.

T. THRUSH, PICTON, ONT.

A womb with a view

They advertise toilet tissue don't they? Why are so many Canadian women, as demonstrated in the article *The Promo That Launched a Thousand Protests* (Jan. 1), ashamed that they menstruate? It is a natural biological process and I explained it as such to my four-year-old son when he asked. Better that all those women complain about the advertisements for junk food and drinks which are destroying our health.

G. JONES, INNISFAIL, ALTA.

Survival of the fullest

Having read Barbara Amiel's review *People from the School of Survival* (Jan. 1) on Chaim Potok's book *Wanderings*, I find it unfortunate that she has learned so little about the history of Jews. Purim, for instance, does not celebrate Haman's death, but rather that the Persian Jewish community was spared from annihilation. It is disturbing that her view of Judaism is so heavily laden with slaughter and vengeance. Although these are facets of Jewish history, they are far from its essence. Objective research indicates that Jewish history is not dominated by slaughter and vengeance—rather, by a celebration of survival. Most of Jewish history involves the building of as full a life as possible, in spite of the sometimes precarious status of the Jewish community.

LAWRENCE WALLACH, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Primal cuts

So, we are not allowed to grow old disgracefully anymore! In the article *Facing a Nip-and-Tuck Craze* (Dec. 11), Dr. Silver says it has to do with our youth-oriented society (young is beautiful). I agree with him about the beauty. Never in the history of womankind have so many women looked so beautiful to so many people. There's no doubt that plastic surgery has its place—for professionals whose faces depend on it or for people with disfigurements—but not for the normal aging process and most certainly not for Betty Ford. I loved what she stood for—courage, compassion, fortitude, family and honesty. It showed in her face. This new face looking out from the pages of *Maclean's* is not Betty Ford.

DORIS EWART, WINSLOE, P.E.I.



Ravivified Ford: no longer dear old Betty

Ruling out Britannia

While it may be patriotic and something akin to motherhood to speak out against *The Uncle Samming of Canadian Television* (Dec. 25), I hope Peter Newman is aware that on Sunday mornings it is almost impossible to hear English spoken on Canadian TV stations in Toronto. English-speaking Canadians, now guilt-ridden from pressure to cede to hundreds of so-called minorities, are slowly giving up their language and culture to almost anyone who drops in to stay.

DON BROWN, AGINCOURT, ONT.

Up hill and up dale

It's a real pleasure to see, at long last, a good Canadian weekly newsmagazine. You will probably still have something of an uphill battle because of the number of Canadians who prefer, and sometimes fight for, U.S. media. Keep up the good standard.

WILFRID BENNETT,
WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

The warm turns

Thanks to Peter Newman for his editorial *We Long to Tread a Way None Trod Before* (Jan. 1). Here is one human spirit immeasurably warmed by his wisdom.

MICHAEL ESSEX, LORETTEVILLE, QUE.

Might vs. right

Congratulations to Patrick Watson for his column *Why Should We Spend a Couple of Billion Bucks for a Job That Doesn't Need Doing?* (Jan. 22). His ideas, which question the wisdom of Canada spending over $2 billion for a relatively small number of high-technology, foreign-built fighter aircraft, merit much publicity. Unfortunately, public opinion polls indicate the majority support high military expenditures. Pulling our weight in the Western alliance and the fear of offending our major trading partners are difficult arguments confronting any political leader who wishes to strike out on a new course.

ROSS SMYTH, MONTREAL

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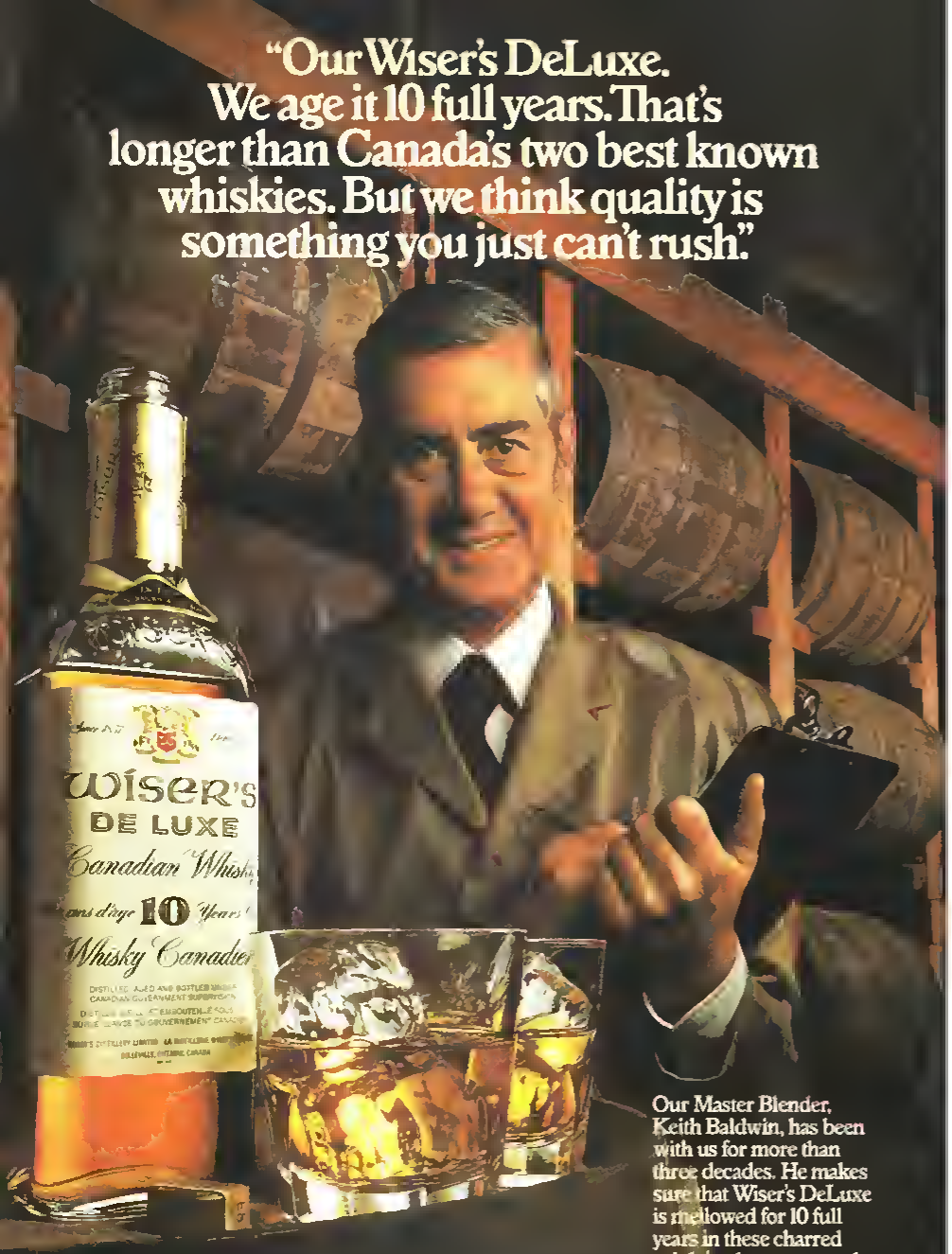
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No laughing chatter

In William Casselman's column *The Good, the Bad, the Ugly* ... (Jan. 8), do you feel it humorous to ridicule Jean Chrétien and Wally Macht for having speech impediments? I am not a fan of either of these men, but I suspect most of your readers got over laughing at the handicapped by the time they graduated from high school.

ROBERT MARINER, TANTALLON, N.S.

Dealer's choice

I protest. In the article *The New Age of Indian Art* (Jan. 22), I did not confirm that Ojibway artist Benjamin Chee Chee "made $40,000 the year he died" and yet you attributed this statement to me. As his Toronto dealer (he dealt with other galleries in other parts of Canada), I could only say that I had heard that figure and agreed that it was likely.

NEIL H. SNEYD, WILDLIFE GALLERY, TORONTO

Enigmatic charismatics

Having read *The New Believers*, I agree that people need something stable to grasp onto and values to guide them. What worries me is the growth and attitudes of the born-again Christians and television preachers. I question the beliefs and motives of these people in the public image presenting their views in the cause of Christianity. I consider myself to be a Christian but believe that religion is a personal thing and not something to be peddled like detergent.

CECIL S. WOODS, BURNABY, B.C.



Icon of Jesus: a bias quickly perceived?

The cover of the Jan. 1 edition [the Shroud of Turin] was most striking to the eye. Peter Newman's editorial was encouraging and I looked forward to reading *The New Believers* by Angela Ferrante. She made an interesting start, however, her bias quickly appeared in her choice of descriptive words when discussing evangelicals and those involved in the charismatic renewal of the church. Contrary to Ms. Ferrante's information, the leaders of the Catholic charismatic renewal came from within the church, remain in the church and probably have been instrumental in bringing many people back to the church.

J.S. CLAVETTE, OSHAWA, ONT.

As you sow, ya shall pay

The article *When Money Talks. The Silent Side of Pacifism* (Dec. 25) seems to ignore the obvious separation of religion and occupation. Farming is a business carried out by business people whose earnings are taxed. As such, Hutterites should be no different. They derive income from the production and sale of crops and livestock, not from church activities.

BARRY KUSLER, WALSH, ALTA.

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The firefighters: saving everybody but themselves

Every network has its cop series, but there aren't many heroic fireman shows. Kojak in a black rubber trench coat? *Firetruck 54, where are you?* The popular image of a fireman's life involves bursts of bona fide heroism, to be sure, but then there are those long stretches of checker games, false alarms and cat-rescue missions. A policeman presumably works at closer quarters with danger. But the fact is that nearly twice as many firemen as policemen die on the job every year, and the International Association of Firefighters has identified heart disease as the No. 1 killer. The stress involved in the sudden demands made on firemen when the bell rings is a greater danger than collapsing debris, burns or asphyxiation.

Portable heart monitors attached to firemen show heart rates can double at the sound of the bell and stay in overdrive for five or 10 minutes. "Heart beats can climb to 180 per minute when adrenalin starts to pump into the system," says Dr. Terence Bates, medical director of the Toronto Fire Department, and with the average age of the city's firemen around 44, "that's just about the bearable limit." Seven of the nine on-duty deaths in the department in the past decade were the result of heart problems, according to Bates.

In response to the problem, Toronto's Fire Department has created a new program, and a special division. Through the combined efforts of a medical director, a safety officer and a "fitness analyst," it will deal with "the whole person and his lifestyle, as it affects work. We'll cover diet, exercise, psychological problems and we'll even help firemen who want to quit smoking."

What next? Yoga? Chanting mantras on the way to a blaze? Not yet, but diet is a real concern since firemen are often forced to eat on the run (or on the running board) and they often have to settle for high-cholesterol foods cooked on firehall stoves. Exercise will be an important part of the new program, as well as periodic "risk assessments" to determine how much poisonous gas, for example, a fireman has been exposed to within a certain time. "We want to keep an eye on things as they develop," Bates explains, "instead of waiting 30 years for problems to emerge. Firemen are paid by the city to fight fires and save lives. But they aren't paid to risk their lives unnecessarily." So out with the checkerboard and backgammon sets, up with the volleyball net.

Werner Bartsch



Firemen revive a co-worker overcome on the job where there's smoke there's stress



Warning: Health & Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
An average cigarette: 18 mg. tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine

The CIA affair: a bad trip revisited

By Julianne Labreche



Author Marks on the trail of the CIA

The scene was long ago and far away, in Zurich back in 1957, when Dr D Ewen Cameron, described by one colleague as "the godfather of Canadian psychiatry," rose to present his startling and severe new treatment for schizophrenia. Some members of his distinguished audience at the Second International Congress for Psychiatry, which included the grand old man of the profession, Dr Carl Jung, seemed surprised by Cameron's harsh "de-patterning" techniques, but he was not rattled. Cameron frankly described his method as "a sharp tool."

The real razor's edge of Cameron's research only became public last week with the release of a chilling new book, by American author John Marks, *The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate"*. It links Cameron, who was director of McGill University's Allan Memorial Institute from its founding in 1943 until his abrupt departure in 1964, with a 20-year, $25-million effort by the American Central Intelligence Agency to learn how to control the human mind. Between 1953 and 1973 the agency undertook a full-scale attempt to discover and develop techniques of mind control and brainwashing, fearing that the Soviets and Chinese had already perfected the methodology.

The project was hidden behind a succession of code names—first BLUEBIRD, then ARTICHOKE and later MK-DELTA—and then a "studs group" called the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology was established as a scientific front through which the CIA could subsidize research by recognized authorities who had no idea of the ulterior purposes of their new sponsor. The society was involved with 50 or 60 different universities in 21 countries. The little-known but fearsome drug LSD was employed in mind-influencing experiments involving, in some cases, unsuspecting prisoners, prostitutes and other "undesirables" on the fringes of U.S. society.

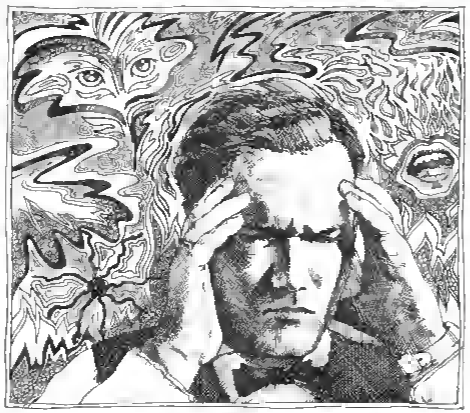
At McGill, the only Canadian university to become involved, the aggressive and pioneering Dr. Cameron conducted his experiments. The human ecology society, as Marks reveals in his book, sponsored the program at Allan Memorial from 1957 to 1964, advancing relatively modest amounts of $4,000 and upward a year—never more than $20,000. The centre's growing fame drew depressed and schizophrenic patients from all over the world, but of the 53 known to have undergone the treatment many were Canadians. *Maclean's* has talked to two of these. Val Orlikow, wife of federal NDP MP David Orlikow, describes her experiences as "the coldest, most impersonal treatment that anybody could give to anybody." (See box.)

The other woman, also a member of a politically prominent family but who insists on remaining anonymous, tells of a desperate attempt to flee from further strenuous treatments.

Whether Cameron's patients were guinea pigs for the CIA or were simply subjected to their own doctor's determined and adventuresome experiments aimed at producing a quick cure for mental illness can never be known for sure, because Dr. Cameron was killed in a mountaineering accident in 1967. But Cameron's sometimes bizarre and unorthodox methods would understandably appeal to the CIA as offering a possible technique for brainwashing and then re-programming enemy agents. The "de-patterning" of undesirable behavior in Cameron's usually severely disturbed patients routinely started with "sleep therapy," in which they were heavily drugged and knocked out for as long as 65 days, though being disturbed two or three times daily by heavy electroshock treatments. Cameron hoped they would wipe out the patient's memory of unpleasant experiences and uncontrolled fantasies. He would then try to re-pattern the troubled brain by using what he called "psychic driving"—a procedure about as upsetting as it sounds. The patients, once again heavily sedated, were tucked away in a "sleep room" where taped messages were repeated again and again into their ears from speakers under their pillows.

Cameron also became a great believer in subjecting patients to repeated LSD "trips," as they are now familiarly known—but the impact of such nightmarish experiences can scarcely be imagined at a time when the drug was barely known to the public. He also gave his patients curare, famed as the South American arrow poison but now also known as an anesthetic. He built a box







Cameron: guinea pigs for the CIA

'This stuff is killing me'

Not since Margaret Trudeau's candid confessions about her psychiatric treatment in 1974 has one woman's mental suffering attracted such widespread attention. The stress of the publicity shows on the face of Val Orlikow, wife of federal NDP MP David Orlikow, as she struggles through tears to talk. Even though purposely deciding about a year ago to co-operate with American author John Marks in exposing McGill University's CIA-backed research, she never anticipated the media blitz last week detailing her controversial psychiatric treatment. "I really don't like being portrayed as a freak by every radio station across the country," she says. "For them it's a quick story—but for me it's my life."

Even though Val Orlikow all but went underground after the first reports appeared, she agreed to talk with *Maclean's* because she hopes she and other patients treated in the late 1950s and early 60s by the late Dr. Ewen Cameron will be justly compensated. Her frightening memories go back to 1956-57 when the Winnipeg woman, suffering from neurosis and postpartum depression, checked into McGill's Allan Memorial Institute. Within two weeks she unknowingly began to receive heavy doses of the then still novel drug LSD, which continued for two months—14 treatments in all. She recalls terrifying nightmares of feeling like a caged squirrel running around in endless circles and feeling herself shrink like Alice in Wonderland while agonizing how she would get down off her bed. She also was given Cameron's "psychic driving" treatment—left alone for hours in an empty room, heavily drugged and listening only to repeated tape-recorded conversations between herself and Cameron. Finally, over the doctor's protests, she had the treatment stopped after she had fallen into such black depression that she told Cameron, "This stuff is killing me. I can't go on."

In retrospect, Val Orlikow is outraged and frustrated for having never been told LSD was a controversial drug. "I never benefited from any of the treatment I got at the Allan Memorial Institute," she maintains. Throughout many years of recovery her husband has supported and even encouraged her to speak out publicly. "This illness is no different from any other kind of illness," David Orlikow insists. Even today, however, Val Orlikow still suffers from what she believes to be the aftereffects of the treatment at McGill—an inability to concentrate when reading and writing, and a fear of crowds that began at the hospital.



Val Orlikow: like a caged squirrel

In coming months, she intends to seek out other patients of Cameron's who also suffered his severe treatments and to encourage them to exert pressure on the CIA for financial compensation, as the Orlikows have already done. One CIA spokesman in Washington explains, "We are in touch with the attorneys for Mrs. Orlikow and her case is under consideration. We understand there may be a number of Canadians who feel that they were subjected to experiments which were financed by this agency." Not that a cheque would solve all Val Orlikow's losses. As she laments, "No one can give you back years of your life and the time you lost with your daughter and husband."

Julianne Labreche

in a stable behind his laboratory where patients were placed in total isolation—deprived completely of all sensory stimuli, with nothing to see or hear or smell or feel. One unfortunate woman remained in the box for 35 days, allowed out only for meals and toilet breaks.

One Canadian woman is identified in Marks's book only as "Lauren G"—which is not her real name—"a refined, glamorous horse woman" who looks like Elizabeth Taylor and was, in fact, screen-tested for the Taylor role in the 1944 movie *National Velvet*. After confirming the screen test, she told *Maclean's* about Dr. Cameron's treatments. She still remembers having been put to sleep for six weeks, then waking and wanting to escape. Making a desperate dash outdoors in her dressing gown, she did not get far before she was dragged back and heavily sedated again. "I sure get the chills when I think about it," she recalls. "My own personal recollections are so gross, so horrible." Dr. Cameron's theory was that if a state of "complete amnesia" were produced in a patient—the mental slate wiped clean—the subject would eventually recall only her earlier normal behavior. But Lauren G. says that while it took her 10 years to recall all of her life after her illness, she could remember the bad things too. She says she reverted to her old self only after ending her first marriage. Later she remarried, this time to the son of a former Tory cabinet minister.

The fact that Dr. Cameron was the first professor of psychiatry ever appointed at McGill, already one of the outstanding medical schools on the continent, puts in perspective the state the science had achieved by the mid-war years. Swamped by demands for help from a society under greater and greater pressures, the few early psychiatrists were forced to realize that the long and painstaking methods of treatment through psychoanalysis, as developed by Sigmund Freud and Jung in Europe, had become inadequate. Everywhere the search was on for new and swifter methods of restoring mental balance. Ewen Cameron was one of the pioneers in his field.

Just why he left McGill in 1964, no one now will say but colleagues seem agreed his departure was "abrupt." And, in a move rare in the field of medicine, Cameron's successor, Dr. Robert Cleghorn, called for a critical investigation of Cameron's treatments and found them to be no more effective than other, less tortuous methods. Whether the CIA felt it got its money's worth from the studies it financed in brainwashing at McGill is another unknown. But certainly the agency has been trying hard to wipe its own slate clean in recent years.

Ottawa

Waiting for Trudeau in the 'slush and ice'



Trudeau posing for campaign pictures. attacking Joe Clark won't be enough

Prodded by John Diefenbaker, Alberta rancher Jack Horner allowed that he was "right at home in the barnyard and right at home in the House of Commons." From the sound of the place last week, "abattoir" would have been a more fitting analogy. The chamber echoed with moans, cries and shrieks as the opposition attacked the government. Pierre Trudeau was vilified personally for not having fought in the Second World War. The PM mocked Joe Clark for having his foot in his mouth, and stuck out his tongue at another MP. By the usual standards of the parliamentary club, the Commons had virtually ceased to function.

The reason for the sound and fury was a heightened sense of the chase, provoked by signs of an imminent election. Pierre Trudeau publicly poohpoohed the notion of a campaign over "the slush and ice," but privately he did little to turn it off. Liberal candidates from across Canada were invited to Ottawa and, in a reception receiving line, posed with Trudeau for campaign pictures. In the PM's office, aides dusted off the oversized calendar with its plastic overlays of election-day options through June. In the midst of preparing for this week's constitutional summit and a sensitive visit by French Prime Minister Raymond Barre (see page 25), Trudeau even took time out to greet and stroke Roy Megarry, the new publisher of *The Globe and Mail*—the only Toronto paper which Liberals believe might endorse Trudeau. (After a similar meeting with Clark, Megarry professed hesitant approval for the Tory leader.)

After a day of hyping on election issues and tactics, the Liberal troops were so fired up that Trudeau wondered privately whether, after months of gloom, the enthusiasm was for real. It was. The source of the optimism, albeit forced, flowed from a series of misfortunes visited on Clark's Conservatives in recent weeks.

The Tory leader was still on the defensive, attempting to explain his proposed "stimulative deficit"—criticized anew last week by former Ontario Conservative treasurer Darcy McKeough. But Clark fought back gamely by attacking as "dangerous" the government's proposed referendum legislation and by forcing the government, after four days of skilful jousting with Trudeau, to submit to a grilling on the dollar before a Commons committee this week.

Liberal strategists realize that attacking Clark won't be enough to win the next election. Trudeau, accordingly, urged his candidates privately to cool election talk, if only to avoid having the government's every move interpreted as a campaign ploy.* Another reason for Trudeau's temperance—he assured anxious partisans that he will not run his campaign against the provinces and the press—was the harsh realities of the electoral calendar. In effect, Trudeau has until next Monday to call a snap election for April 9. Otherwise he risks voter wrath by campaigning through the Easter and Passover seasons. By late April new economic statistics will be out and voters will be filing their dreaded tax returns.

Thus, seasoned professionals were looking at election Mondays in late May or early June, just in time for a new prime minister to fly off to the world economic summit in Tokyo starting June 27. Even before his own supporters in private, however, Trudeau gave no hints about the election. "What's the date?" one candidate asked. Replied Trudeau: "January 31." **Robert Lewis**

**To show signs of pre-election movement, Robert Andras' new Board of Economic Development ministers plans to spend $355 million tax dollars on stimulating the forest and shipbuilding industries which employ over 150,000 workers.*

Quebec

The abominable snowman who was Bonhomme

Sculptor Claude Gingras watched dejectedly as a capricious end-of-January thaw sent rivulets of water coursing down the roof of his sadly shrinking ice palace. For the past week rain and balmy, spring-like breezes had licked away at the Disneyesque structure like a child assaulting an ice-cream cone. The palace towers tilted and its walls were coated with a residue of brown silt. "Never in 25 years has there been a thaw like this," wailed Gingras as the mass of warm air brooded idly overhead, as though snagged on the spires of Upper Town on the eve of Quebec City's troubled winter carnival.

Though still more attractive than palaces of recent years whose towers were made of cost-cutting Fiberglas, the weeping castle symbolized the melancholy marking *carnaval de Québec*'s 25th anniversary. From a modest beginning as a laudable effort to lure winter tourists to one of North America's beguiling cities, with such simple charms as roving entertainers, calèche rides, the grinning snowman Bonhomme and



Ed and Lily Schreyer meet Bonhomme: a bloated end somebmas dangerous spree

Stopping payment at the polls



Mayor Alger: his pay raise is on hold

Ron Brown has a long memory when it comes to money. Last year the head of Calgary's civic outside workers' union took his garbagemen, gravediggers and street workers out on strike for higher pay. The union finally had to settle for an increase of about eight per cent and Brown was somewhat less than happy. But he was furious seven weeks ago when the city fathers voted themselves whopping pay raises. Now the union chief figures he's about to get even. Last week Brown presented city clerk Frank Byrne with a petition containing the names of more than 23,000 Calgarians who are enraged over city council voting to give itself a 46 per cent pay hike—to $16,000 a year from the current $10,800—and the mayor, Ross Alger, scheduled to get a 24-per-cent raise to $45,000 from $36,300. The petition which (under terms of the Alberta Municipal Government Act) needed only 15,000 names to force a local plebiscite on the issue, puts the raises on hold for at least the two to three months it will take to prepare for the public vote. Council was to have started collecting its new pay level (half of it retroactive to Jan. 1, 1978) this month.

In Alberta only three per cent of the population needs to sign a petition in order to force a vote on a municipal issue. Brown, with a built-in work force at the union hall, had the three per cent a week before the arbitrary deadline of Feb. 1. Mayor Alger, who says he has no fear of the plebiscite, is concerned however about the cost of the vote, estimated at about $40,000—but the proposed cut in city fathers' salaries could more than cover that. **Dan'l LaRocque**



The 1,600-foot toboggan run whitened by a bombardment of artificial snow

a 1,600-foot tobogganing run, the carnival has become a bloated, deficit-ridden and sometimes dangerous spree of bacchanalia, its future in serious doubt.

At Thursday night's official opening, the carnival air was scented less by joie de vivre than by sullen discontent. Governor-General Edward Schreyer was roundly jeered for uttering a few words in English (nearly all of his speech was in French) to the 5,000, mostly adolescent spectators massed before the snow palace—whitened for the event by a day-long bombardment from an artificial snow-maker borrowed from a nearby ski centre. Booed as well was former Quebec City mayor Gilles Lamontagne, who used his new authority as postmaster-general to issue a stamp commemorating the carnival and his access to federal funds to donate $25,000 of post office money "to compensate for the bad weather." Meanwhile, police harvested the first 25 of this year's crop of carnival drunks and car thieves. An undisclosed number of drug and alcohol abusers were admitted to Hôtel Dieu hospital's special carnival ward.

Burdened by a budget of $1.8 million, carnival organizers are leaning into a blizzard of resistance from businessmen who refuse to contribute, from mob-weary residents of the old walled city, from women objecting to the image of buxom brainlessness attached to the carnival queen and from the Parti Québécois government which disdains the carnival's culturally rootless kitsch. Without a sudden shift in sentiment there may well not be a carnival next year, for, as *Maclean's* learned last week, government officials and the organizers are considering staging the event every two years instead of annually.

Adding to the tribulations this year are city bus drivers who walked out three days before the opening, compounding the already critical mess caused by the disappearance of intercity buses from the highways due to another labor dispute. A plea that it make an exception for special carnival buses was ignored by the drivers' union, which remembers last year's severe beating of one of its on-duty members by a band of teen-agers. The lack of public transportation threatens to intensify the reigning chaos in the streets of Old Quebec where in carnivals past the amiable ghost of New France has been exorcised by roving bands of drunken youths. Fuelled by a burning mélange of raw alcohol and wine called Caribou, bottled by the government liquor corporation, young vandals account for widespread property damage each carnival. In 1978, nearly 500 people were jailed for public drunkenness—a phenomenon not unrelated to the fact that distillers and brewers are among the most generous carnival sponsors.

Bewildered amidst the intemperate revelers are unwarned families of well-intentioned tourists who had expected to join a typically Québécois fête. In fact, there is little true Quebec content apart from the canoe race across the broken surface of the St. Lawrence and the ice sculpting which, as Quebeckers themselves visibly lose interest, dwindles in quantity. Incongruously, carnival highlights include a Bavarian beer night, a western flapjack breakfast and performances by Up With People, a Tucson, Arizona, youth group dedicated to universal optimism.

But carnival corporation President Jacques Paradis rejects government pressures for cultural consistency. The carnival, he says, is and should be "a vast industrial enterprise.' Tourism revenue, not folklore, is what counts. "If Florida can sell its sun, sand and beautiful girls in bikinis, we can sell our snow." The argument appears to be lost on the supposed beneficiaries—hoteliers, restaurateurs and storekeepers whose meagre $75,000 contribution is the carnival's biggest single menace. Laments Paradis: "The businessmen complain that their windows are smashed, their restaurants broken up and their toilet bowls torn out. They say they'd as soon do without the carnival."

David Thomas

Airport '79: a $655-million horror epic

Ordinary Canadians who make expensive mistakes have to pay for them as best they can. Not the federal government. The treasury board has already approved a scheme by which $655 million in loans and interest will be wiped off the books on April 1. Much of the money represents sums lost at the under-used Mirabel airport north of Montreal and funds used to develop a site at Pickering, outside Toronto, for an airport that was shelved in 1975. The same sleight of hand will produce a fund, estimated at $100 million annually, for the use of Transport Canada beyond the reach of parliamentary control. According to James J. Smith, an economist with the Air Transport Association of Canada (ATAC): "The boys who gave us Mirabel will shortly give us another one, and this time the public will never know how it was done."

The trick will be worked through Treasury Board Document No. 760220, a copy of which has been obtained by *Maclean's*. The document outlines a proposal already passed by the board and notes: "Parliamentary authority will be sought in 1979-80 main estimates." The key is to restructure Transport Canada's Airports Revolving Fund. It was established in 1969 to pool the resources of major airports so that funds generated in one could be used to finance expansions elsewhere. Then the loans would be paid back with interest as the expansions brought in new revenue. At present, there are four airports in the fund—Toronto, Montreal (Dorval), Montreal (Mirabel) and Vancouver—plus the Pickering site.

Mirabel was opened in 1975 and was supposed to be self-sustaining. Instead it is losing $1 million a week. The Pickering airport was announced in 1972, but suspended after vigorous local opposition in 1975. The land purchases alone cost $140 million, with little hope of recovery. Another embarrassment is the expansion (new terminal and facilities) at Calgary Airport, which was supposed to cost $57 million. Instead cost $130 million and turned the facility from a money maker with $4.46 million net revenue in 1976-77 into an $11.5-million-a-year loser.

The new scheme passed by the treasury board on Oct. 26 will solve all these problems at once by sweeping 19 more airports, including Calgary, into the fund. Then landing fees and passenger taxes will be raised and the tax will be turned into a user fee. Taxes are under parliamentary control, but revenue from a user fee will be in the sole care of Transport Canada.

The profits from money-making airports such as Toronto, added to the new fees, will be used to cover the continuing losses—but not the backlog—at Mirabel, Pickering and Calgary. The technique is called cross-subsidization. In the treasury board document, at county fairs it is known as "the old shell game."

One of Transport Canada's moving shells will conceal all the fund's bad debts, or as the treasury board puts it: "Interest payable on the loans outstanding at March 31, 1979, will be reduced to zero effective April 1, 1979." And the requirement to repay the balance of loans outstanding at March 31, 1979, will be suspended. The total is estimated in the document at $655 million.

ATAC, which represents all Canadian airlines, plans to campaign against the change. It opposed both Mirabel and Pickering, and its members (and customers) will pay in the long run for the new scheme through user fees. ATAC President Angus Morrison has sent a bulletin to 250 association members which says that the scheme could generate $100 million annually of surplus funds, enough to finance almost any project of expansion with minimal scrutiny.

His aide economist Jim Smith says: "If they slip it through the main estimates and the opposition is not alert, they will wipe out the blunders of the past and pave the way for the boondoggles of the future."



GORDON HALLORAN

Montreal

A question of his honor's honor

For Montreal's perennial Mayor Jean Drapeau, it was an uncomfortable reversal of roles. Almost 30 years ago Drapeau was a crusading government attorney who spearheaded a judicial inquiry into municipal corruption. His 62 years showing in multiple chins that could be counted like the rings of a log. Drapeau himself was on the witness stand last week, this time to answer embarrassing questions raised by Quebec's inquiry into the costs of the 1976 Olympic Games. Since last September, the inquiry by Mr. Justice Albert Malouf has linked the mayor's Olympian dreams of grandeur to the 10-fold surge in cost from a promised $120 million to more than $1.27 billion. After admitting he had accepted a $10,000 political contribution from stadium engineer Régis Trudeau, Drapeau was asked for a list of all Games' contractors who had made payments to the coffers of his Civic Party. With a straight face, the mayor replied: "I could have given you that in January, 1977. But then we moved the Civic Party offices and, as often happens during moves, a lot of documents ended up in the municipal incinerator."

Impossible to dispose of was a $163,000 luxury home built in the Eastern Townships for Drapeau's former top aide Gerard Niding, who, as chairman of Montreal's executive committee, handed out massive Olympic contracts without open bidding. His house was paid for by engineer Trudeau who was awarded $6.9 million in Games work. Trudeau also admitted having given $220,000 to the Quebec Liberals but no one would explain the source of $40,000 in cash police found in Niding's home last year.

Certainly Drapeau was not about to admit any of it. With Niding retired from office the Civic Party fresh from victory last November, and crucial evidence lost to the incinerator, an Olympic inquiry staff member sighed: "Drapeau will be mayor a long time yet."

David Thomas

Well, there goes the neighborhood

A scorched earth policy was something a desperate general might get away with in antique times, and to hell with the peasants But as a civic improvement measure, it could leave the mayor and town council of Port au Choix, Newfoundland, facing charges of arson and conspiracy

Most of the workers who earn their living at Fisheries Products Ltd , in Port au Choix, about 200 miles north of Corner Brook are migrants They call Forresters Point, about 40 miles away, home, but from spring through late fall each year they move to Port au Choix where 187 of them used to occupy 26 cabins that locals say were nothing but a squatters' settlement The workers will have to look elsewhere this spring, because all of the cabins were put to the torch last month on orders from the town council The fire erupted while a citizens' committee was on the way to St John's for talks with government and company officials about how to handle the shantytown problem

The town council has claimed for more than two years that the cabins were a health hazard The migrant workers say they have asked permission to install water and sewage services, but council insists it never received such a request. The provincial minister of municipal affairs, Neil Windsor, claims he asked council to take no action until there had been some sort of government decision However, when he failed to show for a Jan 14 meeting, council decided to act Mayor Ralph O'Keefe argues "We have every document in the world saying we had the right to destroy those buildings Legally it didn't make any difference whether we burned them down or tore them down Burning them was the easiest way to get rid of them "

It is the method employed by the Port au Choix council, rather than the decision to get rid of the buildings, that has created such a furor "A lot of people wanted the area cleaned up," admits Bert McGrath of the Port au Choix Concerned Citizens' Committee "But not like this " The town clerk, Maurice Kelly, and municipal employee Tom Hamlyn, were the ones who doused the cabins with stove oil and set them ablaze, but McGrath says "If they had to do it again, I think they'd tell the mayor where to get off. I'd rather lose my job than do anything like that." The municipal affairs minister "thought it was handled badly Drastic action was not required at this time " However, Windsor recognizes that there was a problem and admits the nasty solution "may have been required in two or three months " But Mayor O'Keefe says "One month more and the people would have started moving back" in preparation for this year's fishing season, and that would have delayed a settlement for yet another year The workers claim they have lost up to $200,000 in personal possessions O'Keefe, who says you could buy all of Port au Choix for $250,000, contends the fires were set only after the third notice went out advising the buildings would be removed and warning that any personal belongings should be removed "We went through the cabins before the fires and there was nothing of any great value in them "

The RCMP is investigating and the department of justice will study the report to determine if there are grounds for criminal charges. If town council had to do it over again would it destroy the buildings by fire? "Maybe not," says the mayor "We're not happy about what we've done But it had to be done "

Robert Plaskin

Muggers' delight: victims who don't call the cops

Winnipeg spent $109 000 last October converting its downtown parking meters from an hourly rate of 20 cents to 50 cents in an effort to add $500 000 annually to the city s coffers Unforeseen was the sudden interest crooks took in the meters now stuffed with shiny quarters instead of meagre nickels and dimes for a potential one-meter haul of up to $35 Snatching purses from old ladies began to seem small-time compared to the rich pickings to be had from the mangled innards of the handy rows of compulsory piggy banks Besides meters don't scream or call the police when hit over the head with a tire iron

In December alone muggers bashed in 167 downtown meters compared to 295 for the whole of 1977 The mayhem led police to introduce a meter patrol that managed to arrest three juveniles and eight adults but not before the city ran out of spare parts for repairing the metallic victims of violent assault Today the city has 240 dead meters that are going to meet their maker and will measure the minutes no more

Alarmed at the sight of 240 free downtown parking spots the city s works and operations committee has recommended $90 000 be spent on 320 heavy-duty models from a Chicago firm Councillor Gary Filmon says the new meters cost $375 a head—twice as much as their trailer brethren—but they should pay for themselves in 10 months Equally important their steely constitutions are calculated to withstand the tire irons and sledgehammers of misfortune Says Streets and Traffic Manager Lowell Campbell The new meters are virtually indestructible but I m not about to explain how they work in a national magazine Says a city policeman Someone will saw off one of the meter heads take it home and figure out a quick way to bust into it

Other cities have had break-ins after raising meter rates but we ve suffered heavily says Filmon Maybe the fact that we raised the rates just before Christmas has something to do with it I guess everybody needs extra cash A unique case perhaps of the law going out of its way to make crime pay

Peter Carlyle-Gordge



Yet another high-wire act from a cartoonist's delight

Flair has never been one of French Prime Minister Raymond Barre's strong points His personality is routinely described as "uncharismatic." His portly, earnest figure, making its regular pronouncements on the French economy, has become such a cartoonists' delight that even he was moved to dub himself "a round square " But this week, as Barre comes calling on Ottawa and Quebec City—the first official visit by a French prime minister in 22 years—the binoculars of the external affairs department will be trained on his every move, counting on precisely that lack of showmanship

Barre arrives as Franco-Canadian relations, viewed from the Seine at least, are warily edging back in from the cold after the frosts brought on by Charles de Gaulle's "Vive le Québec Libre" in 1967 and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's own flourish in 1977 when he decorated René Lévesque and saluted him with a verse from Gilles Vigneault's separatist anthem *Mon Pays*. Though Barre's trip is scripted according to Giscard d'Estaing's delicate double-negative line for the Quebec conundrum—"non-interference but non-indifference"—even Quebec officials, who regard the visit as somewhat of a coup, expect no dramatics, at least on Barre's part.

That, however, has stopped neither the Trudeau nor the Levesque government from scrambling to upstage each other Indeed, after months of discreet diplomatic bickering over Barre's time, the 54-year-old former economics professor may feel somewhat like the cartoon character he has been depicted as Babar, the fabulous elephant adored by French toddlers, who once found himself, parasol in hand, uneasily walking a circus high wire

Ottawa claims his trip originates with an invitation Pierre Trudeau issued to Barre's predecessor, Jacques Chirac, during his own foray to Paris in 1974 Quebec asserts that it was laid on during Lévesque's visit to Paris when, much to federal shock, the French agreed to an annual exchange of prime ministers with the province To which summons is Barre in fact responding? "Both," replies his office, with ponderous gallantry

Dividing up his six-day stay peeved no less touchy After prolonged federal-provincial haggling and a flurry of trans-Atlantic cables each side agreed to two days of official visiting while sheing up the unofficial weekend in between A Canadian embassy spokesman in Paris insists that it works out "about equally," with Trudeau getting a private Saturday morning tête-a-tête in the Gatineau hills But the Quebec delegation is gloating over the fact that Barre dines privately with Lévesque Saturday night, before being squired around Montreal on Sunday by Jean Drapeau and dropping into the Quebec Winter Carnival



Barre to which summons is he responding?

That, however, is a great deal better than the original scenario which had Barre flying directly to Quebec City from the United States—an uncomfortable echo of de Gaulle's triumphant landing at Wolfe's Cove in 1967 Ottawa has also been busy priming the press—at least 60 top French journalists will be covering the visit and Trudeau hoped to have taken some of the élan out of their pens by flying half a dozen reporters over from Paris for a pre-Barre interview at which, naturally, the seriousness of the PQ "threat" to Canadian unity was heavily stressed

Fortunately for everyone's feelings, perhaps, Barre knows all about treading on eggshells Ever since Giscard d'Estaing called him in to take over after Chirac's huffy resignation as prime minister in August, 1976, he has been charged not only with balancing France's shaky economy but holding together the squabbling government alliance of Centrists and Gaullists against the onslaught of Socialists and Communists

The jury is still out on Barre's prescriptions for the French economy—so far the franc is stronger and trade better But Barre has done Giscard d'Estaing yet another good turn by drawing the fire of leftists bitter over an inflation rate which continues to hover near 10 per cent and a post-war unemployment high of 1 3 million (The president's popularity, of course, continues to soar)

It all adds up to service beyond the call of duty But, alas for Barre, unkind observers predict that as the 1981 presidential election nears, the prime minister may find himself metamorphosed from Giscard d'Estaing's willing beast of burden in the front line to a scapegoat who must be duly sacrificed

Such gossip merely adds to the spice of what, for February, promises to be a fairly heated occasion While Quebec has prepared a noisy popular welcome, complete with crowds lured out by the presence of the province's most beloved entertainers, the Lévesque government is already complaining that Trudeau plans to steal its thunder by proffering the French some handsome commercial coups Lamented one Pequiste spokesman "They have a bigger budget than ours."

France has long been bidding on a proposed Canadian nuclear powered icebreaker as well as a project to transport liquefied natural gas out of the Arctic and refurbish Air Canada's tired fleet "Of course, Mr Barre is going to Canada as head of government, not as a salesman," says an aide "But if he should happen to come back with some contracts, well, who could complain?"

Marci McDonald



Waves from the White House yet behind the pantomima, shadows grew in substance

The U.S.

Teng brings a week of wins and worries

Teng Hsiao-ping, the five-foot, 74-year old vice-premier of the People's Republic of China wooed, won and, in the end, thoroughly worried the United States last week. His visit, on the surface a public triumph for President Jimmy Carter too created such a massive upset in superpower diplomacy that no one was quite sure how to interpret the future. Only one thing stood out—nothing in the incredible cavalcade, least of all the diminutive Teng himself could be taken at face value.

Incredible however, it was. Fifteen hundred camellias were trucked into Washington for a White House dinner, with former president Richard Nixon (see box) among the guests, while pianist Rudolf Serkin, singer John Denver and the Harlem Globetrotters were wheeled out for a Kennedy Centre variety spectacular.

In Atlanta, Georgia, start of a coast-to-coast extravaganza meant to sell Teng on the wizardries of U.S. technology, Henry Ford II and Coca-Cola Chairman J. Paul Austin led 1,400 "civic and business" leaders to the luncheon table (another 1,200 would-be guests were standing by in case anyone dropped out).

Over in Seattle, Washington, Teng watched from a balcony as they slotted together a Boeing 747 jumbo jet like a giant Meccano set. In Houston, Texas, he watched a rodeo—"reminds me of Inner Mongolia," he said with a straight face—and told the cowboys they rode as well as Genghis Khan's horsemen.

Yet behind the prodigious pantomime the shadows grew in substance. While Teng strutted about America like the real victor in the struggle for the succession to Chairman Mao, a secret power struggle continued back in Peking and its outcome was by no means certain. Indeed, Teng's U.S. act was as much directed toward home, where he is trying to shore up his power base, and the Soviet Union, which he is hoping to intimidate, as it was toward his hosts.

It was, in fact, a tripartite game. Victor Zorza, one of the most respected analysts around today, wrote in Britain's *The Guardian* that while Teng certainly wanted to develop economic and military relations with the West, he wanted to do it only because "a China rapidly modernized and strengthened by the West could obtain terms from the Soviet Union that would be more favorable than those it could obtain now."

And Zorza warned: "Today both the White House and the Kremlin believe in a détente between Russia and the U.S. The White House can either work to bring China into the détente relationship which it is seeking to establish with the Soviet Union or run the risk that those two countries might ultimately come to an understanding directed against the U.S."

In other words, Carter should not allow himself to be coerced into playing China off against the Soviet Union. Yet that was the road the president seemed set on until late in the week. He changed his mind and put his name to a joint statement condemning "hegemony"—the code word for Soviet expansionism—while the twice-purged Chinese vice-premier (the world's No. 1, No. 2, state department wits christened him) was allowed to maintain a barrage of anti-Soviet speeches.

Little wonder that by week's end the Kremlin had had enough. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin called on Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to raise "some questions" about the use of the word "hegemony" and Moscow officially asked Carter to clarify his position toward the Soviet Union. Word was out that the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, almost concluded, were now in danger and that a state visit by party boss Leonid Brezhnev, planned for early spring, was in doubt. So as the Teng show hit the road, Carter started backtracking.

Somehow the incident summed up the undignified, as well as the sinister aspects of the proceedings. But the prize for the week's biggest gaffe went to Nixon. Prodded into listing for Teng's fellow vice-premier, Fang Yi, the names of the world leaders he most admired, Nixon reeled off: Charles de Gaulle, the Shah and... Chiang Kai-shek.

William Lowther



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Teng with the Globetrotters: nothing in the cavalcade could be taken at face value

The long shadows from the days of 'Yellow Peril'

William Allord spent 11 years studying Chinese at American universities. His friends and family were worried that he would never get a job. After all, how could he use his knowledge? Do you want to run a laundry? asked an uncle. Such sarcasm and cynicism ended once and for all last week when following the visit of Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping U.S. sinologists became as popular in Washington as Ping Pong is in Peking.

The irony was inescapable, even in the atmosphere of euphoria that attended Teng's every gesture. And nowhere was the contrast more evident than in the job market. As businessmen prepare to launch themselves onto the Chinese mainland they are eagerly scanning employment wanted ads in search of experts on all things Chinese, from culture to Communist cadres.

That sudden reversal of events pleases no one more than John K. Fairbank, 71, retired Harvard professor and director of the university's East Asian Research Centre. He was among the U.S. foreign service's "China hands" in the late 1940s and 1950s who urged recognition of the Peking regime only to be branded as soft on communism, or even Communist agents and forced to abandon their careers.

But 25 years after Senator Joseph McCarthy's Red-scare subcommittee that summonsed and persecuted anyone who favored the course that President Jimmy Carter recognized as simple reality last year, Fairbank is too busy to be bitter. Asked if he now felt vindicated, he laughed. "I never thought of it in those terms," he said. "I think the two countries have a lot to offer each other."

It has taken 29 years for that fact to be recognized. The split opened on Oct. 1, 1949, when the People's Republic of China was proclaimed by the Communist victors after two decades of civil war. The loser, General Chiang Kai-shek, established his nationalist regime on the offshore island of Taiwan with U.S. support. Almost exactly a year later the Chinese entered the Korean War when General Douglas MacArthur ignored clear warnings from Peking and sent U.S. forces across the Yalu River. He was subsequently recalled by President Truman.

It has since been speculated too that if Washington had recognized Peking from the start, the Korean War would have been avoided. But the activities of Chiang Kai-shek's supporters in the U.S., playing on fears of a new "Yellow Peril," which McCarthy played a leading part in arousing, led to the suppression of interest in mainland affairs. To be pro-Chinese was thought to be anti-American.

Ironically, one of the main proponents of that "Yellow Peril" philosophy was Richard Nixon, then a senator from California and later vice president. Yet it was Nixon who, as president in the early 1970s, shaped the new policy toward China in a journey to Peking with his secretary of state, Henry Kissinger.

William Lowther

Nixon in Peking: irony was inescapable



Iran

A new puppeteer holding the strings?

His identity was no mystery. But why was he in Iran? That was the question followers of Ayatollah Khomeini were asking last week about the presence in Tehran of four-star U.S. Air Force General Robert E. Huyser. During the massive, joyful reception given their 78-year-old hero on his return from exile cries of "Allah akbar" (God is great) were mixed with "Death to Huyser" and it was quickly revealed that the deputy commander of U.S. forces in Europe—he normally exercises day-to-day control under NATO commander General Alexander Haig—had moved to Iran several weeks ago.

Khomeini's followers said his new job—U.S. sources said he was President Jimmy Carter's "liaison officer" in Iran—was a cover. His real task was to oversee a military coup and pre-empt the ayatollah's chances of setting up a new government. Clearly, they feared that Washington was preparing to write a sequel to the counter coup of 1953, when the CIA put the recently-deposed Shah back on the throne.

But when the charge was put to the Pentagon, a spokesman said: "I would not even comment on it. That is totally speculative and out of line." Huyser was in Iran "to work with" U.S. Ambassador William Sullivan in looking after American interests—presumably the continuing evacuation of the remaining—about 8,500—U.S. civilians and the safeguarding of Iran's modern arsenal of sophisticated U.S. weapons—including missiles and 650 F-14 fighter planes.

The general, a veteran pilot from the Korean and Second World wars, has had his share of military emergencies. And at week's end it seemed the next might not be long delayed. Khomeini had returned apparently as bent on a take-over as ever with warnings against American "colonialism." Other foreigners, too, were urged sternly to "get out" and the Shah's Parliament and Prime Minister Shapour Bakhtiar's government were once more branded as "illegal." Bakhtiar, too, took a tougher line. While for the first time he admitted—to CBC's *As It Happens*—that he considered the Shah had gone for good, he also said he would not bow to "the mobs"—about two million people greeted Khomeini. And while he continued to hold out the possibility of talks, he said he would not take Khomeini into the government.

But Bakhtiar seemed to be in too tight a corner for any flexible negotiating. Besides the ayatollah, there was always the army—with or without U.S. encouragement—waiting to influence developments. It had, after all, delayed Khomeini's return by closing Iran's airports without consulting the prime minister. Worse, with the civil service as well as the oil fields still rent with strikes, Bakhtiar appeared to have no structure to govern with. So, at week's end, the question was: who did hold the cards? While Khomeini on Saturday was maintaining he would soon announce his alternative government, the army was reported ready to arrest anyone he should name to it. That, for the moment, looked like stalemate. But significantly, the troops were said to be cooling toward the American presence and there was even evidence of infiltration of U.S. military systems by the opposition. When an American official asked an inventory computer for a rifle count, the computer responded: "Yankee go home."



Huyser reviewing troops (right), returning ayatollah (inset) and part of welcoming crowds. Response was 'Yankee go home'



Rhodesia

'Good old Smithy' pulls it off again

Last Tuesday was a busy day for white farmers in Rhodesia's war torn and remote hamlet of Chipinga, less than 10 miles from the volatile Mozambique frontier. First the dangerous drive on frequently landmined roads to the funeral of a friend who had been "zapped" in an ambush three days earlier by Soviet-backed guerrillas of the Patriotic Front, then a scurry to the polls to vote for the first—and probably only—time on whether Rhodesia's tiny white population should accept majority rules.

Technically, the white referendum focused on a proposed new constitution drafted by participants in the 11-month-old internal settlement, worked out by Prime Minister Ian Smith and three moderate black leaders. But the real issue was whether 270,000 whites would agree to hand power to more than six million blacks—the issue that led Rhodesia to break illegally from Britain 13 years ago.

The campaign run up was the most bitter in Rhodesian history. Conservatives, such as the ultra-right-wing Rhodesia Action Party (RAP), charged the government was selling out. "If you vote yes, you will have given the country away for absolutely nothing in return, except for chaos, disaster and the end of civilization," RAP spokesman Ted Sutton-Pryce told one audience. He was endorsed with shouts of "Judas" whenever he mentioned Smith's name.

Liberals claimed the constitutional plan would not end Rhodesia's two biggest problems—the six-year old guerrilla war and 13 years of political isolation—since neither the Patriotic Front nor the outside world recognized the internal settlement.

But the arguments didn't work, even among war-weary Chipinga farmers. "Good old Smithy" pulled it off yet again—with 85 per cent of white voters endorsing the long disputed move. British Foreign Secretary David Owen and U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who have labored unsuccessfully to bring about a settlement which includes all parties, including the guerrillas, scheduled weekend talks to see what options were left open.

No doubt they were asking the same question as everyone else: *how* had Smith pulled it off? Part of the answer probably is that Rhodesia's whites believed him when he told them there was no "earthly hope of getting anything better." The other part was that many of his opponents were voting with their feet. December white emigration figures were an all-time record—2,937, making a total of more than 18,000 for 1978.

The sequels to the referendum are likely only to swell that figure. Immediately afterward the government repealed the last of eight major discrimination acts, opening the way for integration of schools, housing and social services. One white parent in Salisbury explained, "I voted yes. But I will probably end up leaving Rhodesia for my children's sake. Their future is more important than mine, and it will be destroyed with integration." **Robin Wright**



Smith on the stump: 'there was, it seemed, no earthly hope of getting anything better'

The EEC

The high roller takes a bounce

Wilhelm Haferkamp was a man in a hurry. When he paid a bill he seldom bothered to question the figure. As the Common Market commissioner in charge of external affairs, a post which made him the European Community's foreign minister at $140,000 a year, he could claim to deal with matters far removed from such mundane concerns. Last week, however, the 55-year-old German found himself the key figure in a storm over high-living among top Eurocrats, he is accused of dropping thousands of dollars in hotels and bars and slipping his girl-friend into an official delegation to Peking.

But in the scandal over Haferkamp's expense accounts, sparked by an article in the British weekly *The Economist*, it was less the commissioner's integrity than his judgment that was assailed. Haferkamp was said to have spent $2,000 of EEC money on a four-day fling at the Pierre Hotel in New York, another $14,000 in throwing a party to inaugurate the EEC's office in Caracas and $1,500 for the rental of a chauffeur-driven car in Geneva. The sentimental journey to Peking, it was said, set the EEC back another $4,000 to $5,000.

Haferkamp, a former trade union leader in Germany, weathered the attacks as best he could from his Brussels headquarters. "Do you expect me to flip a coin with the Turkish ambassador to see who's going to pay for the drink?" he asked one reporter. And he dismissed a suggestion that he might be thinking of resigning.

That question may not go away so easily, however—for more than one reason. Since he took over as the EEC external affairs man two years ago, for a four-year term, Haferkamp's performance has proven to be patchy. Fellow commissioners complain he is slow in dealing with overseas problems. Outsiders like Bob Strauss, an American trade negotiator who spent days trying to track Haferkamp down on one of his official Washington trips, also find him difficult to deal with.

There is even some suggestion that news of his inflated expense account was leaked to the press by a colleague in the hope of shaming him out. But that is a tactic which could rebound. Top Eurocrats all earn $100,000-plus salaries,



Commissioner Haferkamp: that sentimental journey set the EEC back another $4,000

ride around in chauffeur-driven limousines and travel and entertain in the grand style. Furthermore, the Haferkamp fuss was soon followed by whispered accusations of even more outrageous spending by other officials and a call for an inquiry into the perks Europe offers its civil servants.

As the week ended, commission President Roy Jenkins came out with a statement which, though not exonerating Haferkamp, did say the refundable expenses of all 13 EEC commissioners were subject to strict limits and controls. His move, however, may have been too late and too indecisive to head off a prolonged uproar about the lifestyle of Europe's high-flying functionaries. **Peter Lewis**

Algeria

A turning point in the Sahara

Victory Villa differs little from its neighbors on the palm-shaded hillside rising above the Mediterranean port of Algiers. Yet behind the peeling whitewash, Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver was once sheltered and LSD guru Timothy Leary once visited. The present occupants are also exiles and represent a desert people fighting for survival. Last week, on the surface, they were in a jubilant mood. Their Polisario Front, battling for Saharan independence against Morocco, claimed to have destroyed important enemy military installations.

But beneath the exhilaration there lurked a certain anxiety, because another event was taking place in the Algerian capital which could directly affect the often-forgotten war. 3,200 delegates of the Front de la Libération Nationale (FLN)—Algeria's only authorized party—were naming the country's next president. The previous leader, Houari Boumédienne, who died last December, staunchly backed the Polisario with arms and sanctuary. But his successor, Colonel Benjedid Chadly, may be less enthusiastic.

Western observers, too, were weighing Chadly's selection, partly because Algeria, probably more than the maverick Colonel Khadafy's Libya, dictates the mood of North Africa and partly because the moderate Chadly was preferred over Mohammed Salah Yahiaoui, a hard-liner who was widely tipped for the top job. Dignified, silver-haired, the 50-year-old Chadly is an unknown political quantity, the army's choice to replace the prickly Boumédienne who carved out an international role as a champion of the Third World while pursuing an austere drive toward socialism at home. But Yahiaoui—fiercely pro-Algerian rather than pro-Moscow as some claim—will have a key role as a member of the FLN politburo. So there is already some speculation that it will be Yahiaoui who, in practice, will wield the power.

Whoever does so, however, will probably have to spend time defusing domestic unrest rather than fomenting trouble in North Africa. The population of Algeria has nearly doubled (to 18 million) since 1960 and continues to increase at more than 3.3 per cent a year, compared with Canada's average of 1.6 per cent. More than half of the Algerians are under 20 and there is a serious housing shortage in the choked cities.



New choice Chadly but in practice it may be someone else who wields the power

In addition, consumer interests have been practically ignored and necessities are often in short supply. As a foreign diplomat put it: "Algeria has a French-style bureaucracy, a socialist government and entrenched Arab ways. Add all those together and it's difficult to get results." You can also add a penchant for secrecy that reaches amazing proportions. Even a simple inquiry to a government department about the name of the president's wife can meet with a tight-lipped "No comment." And last week's party congress was held behind closed doors.

Such tactics, however, owe a good deal to the FLN's beginnings as a clandestine opposition to the French. When the 1.5 million settlers—the *pieds noirs*—abruptly quit in 1962, after a long and bitter war of independence, Algeria was left poverty-stricken and without skilled overseers. Seizing power in 1965, Boumédienne dedicated himself to propelling his country into the industrial age on the principle that there is no political independence without economic self-sufficiency. Resources were nationalized and, using the wealth from Saharan oil, he developed industry at the expense of consumer interests and agriculture. Nearly 3.2 million acres of the French settlers' land have been redistributed to peasants, but production levels are poor and two-thirds of cereal supplies must be imported—about $70 million worth a year from Canada.

Though petroleum—the U.S. is the biggest customer—will run out in about 15 years, Algeria is now tapping vast natural gas deposits. And while it maintains friendly relations with Moscow, it makes abundant use of Western expertise. Across the vast lobby of the luxury El Aurassi hotel in Algiers—$80 a night, bring your own toilet seat—Japanese, American, European and Canadian businessmen (Canada plans to supply $2 billion in goods and services in the next three years) arrive and depart in droves.

For a country that started from nothing, progress has been remarkable. three million children get schooling and Algeria now builds its own tractors and television sets. But reality is still somewhat short of the dream. It is said that only 20 of 300 imported locomotives are still functioning, that a cement factory designed to produce exports is working at only 18 per cent of capacity and that only 200 out of the 1,000 model socialist villages planned have actually been built.

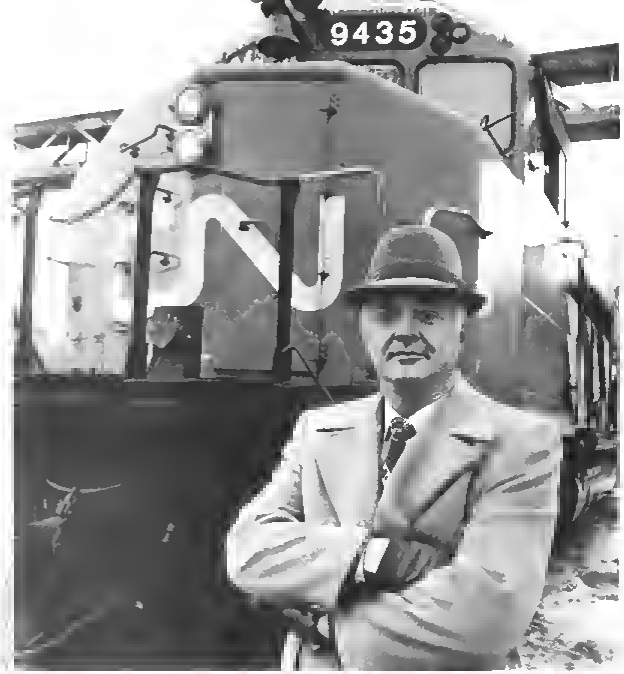
There are tales, too, of interminable red tape and corruption. Much land is still privately owned, while a rich elite—protected by government influence—lives discreetly, but well. In Algiers, landlords rent villas for up to $15,000 a month, demanding payment in Swiss francs.

The city's teen-agers sway through the streets in tight jeans but older women still wear the veil. Moslem feeling is still strong, as the case of Dalila Maschino illustrated. Living in Montreal, she was allegedly drugged by her family and forced to return to Algeria last year because she dared marry a Christian.

Canadian officials say the case is still open, but a change of government is unlikely to alter traditional feelings. In any case, President Chadly has other things on his mind. It would be rare for any nation to produce another man of Boumédienne's stature within a generation. Yet without such a leader, the opportunities he created could sink into the same Saharan sand from which the country's wealth sprang in the first place. **David Baird**

Business

A dark tunnel behind

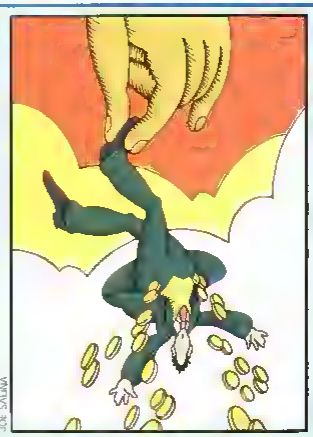


CN's Bandeen: from a whistle's toot and head-on crashes to victory on floor 17

Robert Angus Bandeen points bleakly at his leg propped on a low granite table, winces, shifts for comfort, and sighs. Here it is the first of February and he hasn't had the raucous competition of the squash court or the heady exhilaration of the ski hill all winter. Three weeks out of a cast, after breaking his leg in November, he is a wounded bear of a man, fighting down his weight during this winter of forced hibernation. But the minor irritations of his life were much salved by the announcement last week that Canadian National Railways, the chronically money-losing Crown corporation formed in 1919 from 221 financially troubled railway lines, had fashioned a 1978 profit of $136 million. In its six previous decades, only 12 other years have been profitable, the best a $35.6-million sum during a busy war year, 1943. As president and chief executive officer, with a doctorate in economics, Bandeen is likely seen as a soft-hands egghead by hump-yard workers, but he has made CN the world's only profitable nationalized railway. It's a long way from his farmhouse boyhood in southern Ontario, a whistle's toot from two rail lines and head-on crashes to 17 floors up at CN's Montreal headquarters.

Named the youngest-ever president at 43 in 1974, he juggles with obvious joy the political and the practical, judiciously nursing the issues that turn Canada's emotional bodysuit into a straitjacket: the western cri-de-coeur where the railways are bogeymen, unforgiving Newfoundland noise over the Bullet's 1969 death, and blasts from Montreal, where the Deux-Montagnes electric commuter trundles its archaic equipment. It is his third successive profitable year ($28 million in 1977, $12 million in 1976) but even though $250 million is possible by 1981 the feel of it takes, well, some getting used to. "We're interested in profits not just to have an

Same tax next year



Jim Conrad was playing squash the night of Finance Minister Jean Chrétien's Nov. 16 budget so it wasn't until the 11 o'clock news that he heard he had been zapped. Along with up to 100,000 other self-employed professionals, Conrad would no longer pay income tax at favored small business rates. "I was horrified," he recalls, as were others who turned his phone into switchboard central. The federal government claims it loses $20 million annually because self-employed professionals can offset income with expenses and pay lower rates. Conrad claims tax paid by doctors, dentists, writers, consultants, salesmen, broadcasters, athletes and others could increase by 70 per cent.

Canada's newest tax grouch, a former national affairs director of John Bulloch's 50,000-member Canadian Federation of Independent Business, Conrad knows governments hear numbers. He formed the Canadian Association of Independent Professionals (CAIP) and prepared to build lobbying muscle. Ten founding members paid $2,000 for an advertisement in *The Globe and Mail* that drew 2,000 responses in the first two months.

More than 600 have sent in between $50 and $500 for membership; about 30 members of Parliament have heard the complaints and several civil servants have felt the swoop of CAIP's message. It's discrimination if the large investor can incorporate and the small investor cannot. Having achieved a one-year postponement of the change, he hopes for 10,000 members within a year. After all, he argues, a 70 per cent tax boost should jar even the most conservative professional into action.

ego trip or compile a great deal of money," says Bandeen "We're going to spend every cent on expanding the transportation system It's not that we're getting this sort of *evil* profit Certainly we suffered through the years when we were not doing it" A whole new worry, considering CN's debt-ridden beginnings and history until Bandeen took over in 1974, slashing staff by 11,000 to 75,000 over 30 months and establishing six profit centres. CN Rail, telecommunications, U S -based Grand Trunk Corp, CN Marine, trucking and express, passenger and hotel services To be sure, $60 million of 1978's profit comes from a complex recapitalization scheme Parliament passed last year that converted $808 million of CN's bank-breaking debt to equity Also, costly transcontinental passenger trains have been shunted to Via Rail with the rest of the passenger service to follow in April Bandeen's real test is yet to come on three money-losers where political support is tenuous

• Crowsnest Pass rates, unchanged since 1896, set grain transportation rates and cause, says CN, annual losses of $100 million A January meeting of politicians, grain handlers, producers and pool operators stunned Bandeen with newfound unanimity. There was no attempt to decide who should pay the compensating rates, but all agreed that the railways should be paid. "[CP President] Fred Burbidge was just as amazed as I was," says Bandeen

• Newfoundland, where CN losses are approximately $30 million annually, the Sullivan commission last year recommended a 10-year rail phase-out after a five-year reassessment But, concedes Bandeen, "If the people in their wisdom, and the politicians, decide that a railway—once they know what the cost is—is worthwhile, then I don't feel I can argue"

• Montreal, where CN's confrontationary tactics included commuter rate increases and service cuts Funds from the province and Montreal Urban Community plus $63 million announced last month by the federal government may maintain the Deux-Montagnes route

Throughout, Bandeen's hard-nosed logic is consistent transportation is not a public service, political decisions must be paid for The bottom line has replaced the marble station floor as a symbol for the future. "You can't make major changes in the social structure or the transportation structure for the country just by turning a switch," says Bandeen "You have to educate the people and you have to bring them to it"

History has been kinder than the times were to founding CN president Sir Henry Thornton who was hounded from office, but honored later by countless plaques Or Donald Gordon, who was hanged in effigy for disparaging remarks about French Canadians, but is revered now for having presided over the expensive conversion to diesel from steam Whatever history decides to say about Robert Angus Bandeen, it will be written in the black ink reserved for profits Meanwhile, some western grain growers, Newfoundlanders and suburban Montreal commuters wish this dollar-and-cents man would call off his crusade and just run a railroad

Roderick McQueen

A kick in the pants for Levi's

A light case of jeans you might say No sooner had Levi Strauss of Canada Inc pleaded guilty to eight counts of price-fixing and retail pressuring in such bebluejeansd places as Vancouver Toronto Prince Albert and Regina than Ontario county court Judge Hugh Locke last week slapped on a $150 000 fine largest ever for price fixing in Canada A month to pay his honor decreed although the company hauled down profits of $5 2 million on sales of $109 million during the denim-shortage years between 1972 and 1975 when Levi Strauss had forced retailers to buy and sell the blue stuff at one price—Levi's price Though 1975 was the last year the company did such unkind things to pants an Edmonton court booted Levi-owned GWG Ltd $21 000 for the same trick 15 months ago suggesting a whole new discount idea kickdown prices



COL NORMAN

Ottawa deputies Hood (above) and Cohen: rather nervous about being enslaved



Suiting up for the short haul

Nursing the aftereffects of an extracted wisdom tooth, Bill Hood, in his new role as Finance Minister Jean Chrétien's top policy adviser, may face more long-term pain Stepping in as deputy minister with the dollar hitting a 46-year low of 83 38 cents (U S) last week and the explanation for it all by Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey to a parliamentary committee expected this week, Hood and his appointment herald no policy change As one of the chief architects of current policy, Hood was reportedly passed over when predecessor Tommy Shoyama became deputy in 1975 (and now becomes special constitutional adviser to the prime minister) He was not, say some, top-of-the-list this time, either, for the $58,800- to $73,200-salary-range post although others claim he was Chrétien's first choice

Other members of the recent shuffle were on the same list Ian Stewart, who moves from the Privy Council office to deputy minister of energy, mines and resources replacing Mickey Cohen, who becomes deputy minister of industry, trade and commerce

Hood, 57, is a cautious, conservative and close-lipped official with impeccable credentials There is, however, suspicion that Hood's appointment may be just a temporary one to tide the Liberals past the coming election Hood, it is said, was in line for a post at the International Monetary Fund in Washington although he maintains, "I've never had any offers" Offsetting the power of the recently created Board of Economic Development will be a major hurdle for Hood, pushing his "pragmatic rather than doctrinaire views"

At 43, corporate tax whiz Mickey Cohen spent seven months of 1977-78 being groomed at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University A charming but tough in-fighter, Cohen sees himself as a non-interventionist in the marketplace. "I'm not sure government can do it," he says "I tend to be market-oriented" New policy directions are most likely to come from Ian Stewart, the 47-year-old former economic adviser to the Privy Council who played an influential role in the government's cutbacks of last August. But for the three, amidst the political vagaries of a spring election, settling in and setting out may become look-alike activities

Jennifer Lewington

Only so long his father's son

Douglas Bassett may want to be someone else, but at the moment it doesn't sound like it He is talking, in blurts as usual, and in the familiar pattern the people he has known, the ultra-conservative politicians for whom he has worked, the cars he has owned, memories that run swift and close to the surface All the most visible symbols of his presence within his father's past. It is the same with all wealthy dynasties, a question of filling father's shoes and trousers and at once repeating and destroying a tradition without turning it into the plot of a Jacqueline Susann potboiler.

These days he knows the repeats are numbered Last month his famous father, broadcaster he-man and ex-publisher John Bassett, plunked Dougie into the presidency of both Baton Broadcasting Inc , the country's largest media conglomerate (assets of $70 million) and Toronto's CFTO TV the CTV network's flagship station This month he rises of his own accord to the board of Argus Corp where he will sit at the right hand of his good friends Conrad and Monty Black, across the table from best friend Fred Eaton

Douglas Bassett has been waiting a long time The years since his unhappy two-year stint at the University of New Brunswick have been only too full of his father's enormous ego, his even larger reputation and his monumental expectations for his sons "The Bassetts have a genius for the spectacular," notes Conrad Black, and Big John's took second place to none As former owner of both Maple Leaf Gardens and the Toronto Argonauts, he was the powerhouse who bought the Toronto *Telegram* with $4.2 million of John David Eaton's money, built it and when it folded in 1971, sold the circulation list to *The Toronto Star* for $10 million. He then turned to television, where with partners Ted Rogers (now owner of Canada's largest cable television network), broadcaster Foster Hewitt and Joel Aldred, the silver-haired boomer from the underarm deodorant world, he formed Baton Broadcasting Inc Baton is owned 51 per cent by the Telegram Corp Ltd , a massive empire of communication companies created by Bassett and the late John David Eaton to hold their riches in trust for their sons

The Bassett name was everywhere those days, always taunting Douglas and older brother Johnny with its easy access, yet always shunned for its easy power It was in 1963 that Big John called Vancouver where Doug was trundling accounts at an advertising agency "That was terrific," Doug recalls, fond as he is of his father "He wanted *me* back in Toronto to work at *The Telegram*" He piloted Telegram Corp subsidiary Inland Publishing Co Ltd 's then half-dozen precariously slim and haltingly articulate southern Ontario weekly newspapers to a point where today, 10 years and eight more fat papers later, he squeezes 75 million lines of advertising into a circulation of 340,000 "John senior left Doug very much on his own at Inland," Fred Eaton says ' With, of course, The Daily Call "

Oh yes, The Call Every day, 10 a m , and sometimes one or two more times a day as well, John Bassett telephones Dougie to see how it's going Douglas Bassett is 38 years old Some observers think he may have trouble wresting operating control from his father, who retains the chairmanship of both CFTO and Baton But it seems unlikely John Bassett is cooing family noises for the first time in his life "I intend to do more thinking, and to spend more time with my family," he says Too, a more mature Baton needs Doug Bassett's quieter, delegating management style to deal more effectively with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, before which Doug will appear in John Bassett's boots this month "It will be the first time," Doug beams, "and my father won't even be there."

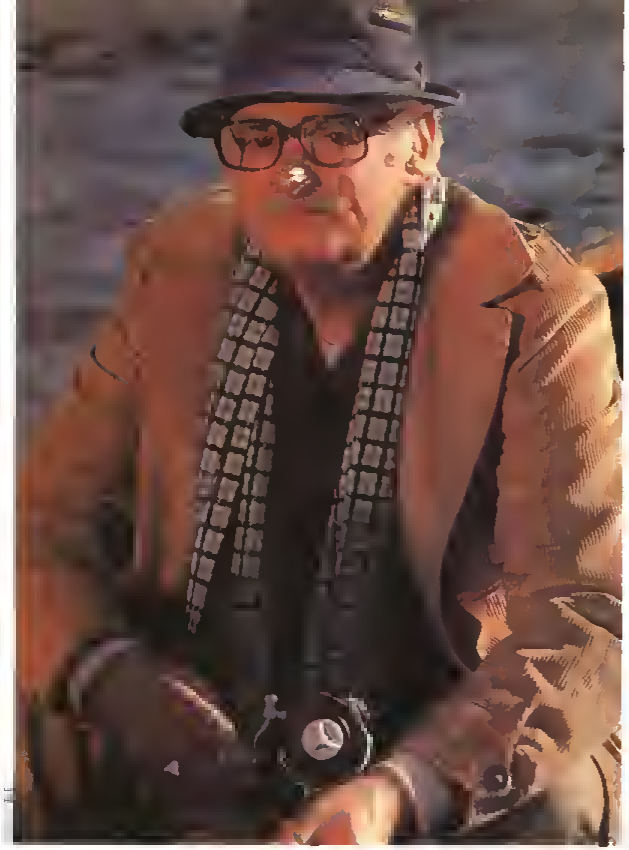
And so Doug Bassett, John's son, talks on He knows this is a step toward Aug 25, 1980, the day his father hands over to him the Telegram Corp chairmanship Then Doug will sit down at the head of Canada's corporate dinner table with buddies Conrad and Fred and start pointing to the things he wants Then his own banners will fly, the impatient nervousness will wear off, the symbols will become mere memorabilia and Dougie will start making a few phone calls of his own

Ian Brown



BRIAN WALLER MACLEAN'S

Bassett of Baton the same old question of filling father's shoes and trousers



Carney at sea, looking for a new location

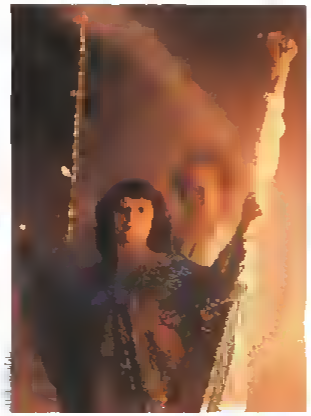


Clark snowed out north of a sound stage

People

It was no honeymoon for actor **Art Carney**, when he and co-stars **Maureen Stapleton** (*Interiors*), **Lew Ayres** (*Damien Omen II*) and **Margaret Hamilton** arrived in Vancouver to find themselves four characters in search of a set. They were there to shoot *Letters from Frank*, a TV movie in which Carney plays the part of a newspaper employee being forced into retirement. Naturally, they needed a newsroom and when the movie was first planned, producers had arranged to use the offices of *The Vancouver Sun*. However, when the cast and crew finally showed in Vancouver and discovered both the *Sun* and *The Vancouver Province* closed by strikes, it was a situation akin to Lois Lane's being locked out of the *Daily Planet*. While a search went on for a new location (they eventually settled on the Dominion Bank Building), Carney spent the time in other pursuits. A proficient pianist, he took to tinkling the ivories in the lounge of the Palisades Hotel where he was staying and even pocketed $100 when a patron tossed a C-note in his brandy snifter atop the piano.

Noting that the shift in the pop music wind was to disco, Canada's **Charrill** and **Robbia Rae** took a flyer six months ago hoping disco would take their careers higher and higher. It has. Once a bland husband-and-wife team singing in a style compatible with Lawrence Welk, The Raes have suddenly become a big disco draw in the U.S. and will be seen lip-synching their hit song *A Little Lovin'* everywhere from Studio 54 to *The Merv Griffin Show*. What with artists such as **Rod Stewart**, **Dolly Parton** and **The Rolling Stones** trying disco, The Raes believe that their musical future is fixed and that their new album *Dancing Up a Storm* will be golden. Still, even the sternest balloon is easily burst. "Our faces aren't all that well-known in the States yet," said Cherrill. "There are lots of people who still think The Raes are three black women singers."



The Raes: or three black famale singers?

It was cinéma vérité when resident conductor **Kazuyoshi Akiyama** led the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra through the last bars of Brahms's first symphony in a scene from the Vancouver-based movie, *The Changeling*. But when he put down his baton and had to shake the hand of **George C. Scott** (*Patton Movie Movie*) during intermission, director **Peter Medak** kept yelling "Encore." For Akiyama and the VSO, it was their second movie appearance in the last six months. In August, they provided background and music for the movie *Prophecy*, in which **Talia Shire** (*Rocky*) played a cellist. In *The Changeling*, also starring Scott's wife **Trish Van Devere** and Canadian **Barry Morse**, Scott plays a composer. All things considered, there's little doubt that Akiyama and his orchestra are better music-makers than movie-makers. It took the 90-piece ensemble three hours to shoot the Brahms segment. It took Akiyama two days of filming before he got the handshake right.

In what could be considered a realistic rendering of contemporary Canadian politics, the Liberal party is portrayed as a bunch of idiotic acrobats, Parliament is seen as a circus and the press is portrayed as a ventriloquist. Tempting though it be to look for present-day comparisons, that is simply a scenario from author **Timothy Findley**'s (*The Wars*) new play entitled *John A.—Him self*, which opened last week at Theatre London. With **William Hutt** in the title role as the sometimes tipsy Father of Confederation, Victorian politics gets a vaudevillian send-up. But it's not without bite. Commenting on the execution of Métis rebel **Louis Riel**, John A. says: "He must be seen to hang forever around my neck."

The Edmonton Art Gallery, which has three **Frederick Varleys** in its Group of Seven Collection, has just acquired a fourth—**Chris Varley**, the 28-year-old grandson of the artist. Varley, who only became actively interested in art after he had graduated from Simon Fraser University with a BA in history, will be in charge of the gallery's historical Canadian collection based on a 100-work bequest by Edmonton building magnate **Ernest Poole**. Having worked previously at the Vancouver Art Gallery, the National Gallery and Stratford's The Gallery, Varley's late-blooming involvement with art may have been genetically predetermined, but it was never given familial encouragement. "My grandfather didn't wave brushes at me and warn me off," said Varley, "but neither he nor my father saw it as a likely way to earn a living."

Having left Canada 11 years ago to further her acting career with Universal Studios in Hollywood, Toronto's **Susan Clark**, a veteran of 20 movies and the Emmy-award-winning *Babe*, has returned to admit that the grass can be greener on the other side of the 49th parallel. Clark, 35, is currently in Toronto filming *Double Negative* with another expatriate, Quebec-born **Michael Sarrazin** (*They Shoot Horses Don't They?*), making this her third consecutive Canadian flick after *Murder By Decree* and *City on Fire*. And although she finds it easier making movies on a Hollywood sound stage than in the inhospitable streets of Toronto, where production has been twice snowed out, she's glad to be home. "I guess there's finally a movie industry here," said Clark, puffing one of her trademark Havana cigars. "After all these years bitching about no work, a lot of us are coming back here to put our time and energy where our mouths were."

Horn: mantras, whales and Chinese traffic



In his search for off-beat historic acoustics, Victoria, B.C., flutist **Paul Horn** has played mantras in the Taj Mahal and serenaded the ghosts of Egyptian royalty in the Great Pyramid at Giza. But those experiences pale in comparison with Horn's latest musical voyage behind the bamboo curtain, where he gained a reputation as the pied piper of the People's Republic of China. Accompanying Horn on the three-week trip were Canadian filmmakers **Peter** and **Frances Mellen** who had cameras rolling when Horn stopped traffic and amassed crowds of curious Chinese to his ad hoc jazz concerts in the streets. Admitting they had to "jump ship" from their Chinese guides in order to get the unprecedented footage, the Mellens plan to sell the film to U.S. TV in the spring. "It was like guerrilla film-making," said Peter Mellen, author of *Landmarks of Canadian Art*. "Like filming in a sea of bodies all swaying to the jazz."

Edited by Jane O'Bara

Nine men in search of even-handed justice

By Barbara Amiel

On December 21, 1978, Mr Justice Wishart Spence, 75, having reached the mandatory age, was duly retired from the Supreme Court bench At a small ceremony in the black walnut panelled courtroom Justice Minister Mare Lalonde faced the nine-member Supreme Court and delivered a short speech to Spence in appreciation of his 15 years of service on the Court Lalonde's voice was clear, his delivery unhesitating He was a lawyer among lawyers Only one aspect of his speech was disturbing His panegyric to Spence was being delivered with eye-to-eye contact to Mr Justice Roland Ritchie The remaining members of the bench attempted by warm nods of approval in the direction of Spence to indicate to the minister of justice that the object of his affections was seated three chairs to the left Some little way into his speech Lalonde picked up the signals But confusion compounded *Which one was Spence?* Commented a court official afterward "Most unfortunate, but not the minister's fault We had no time to prepare him"

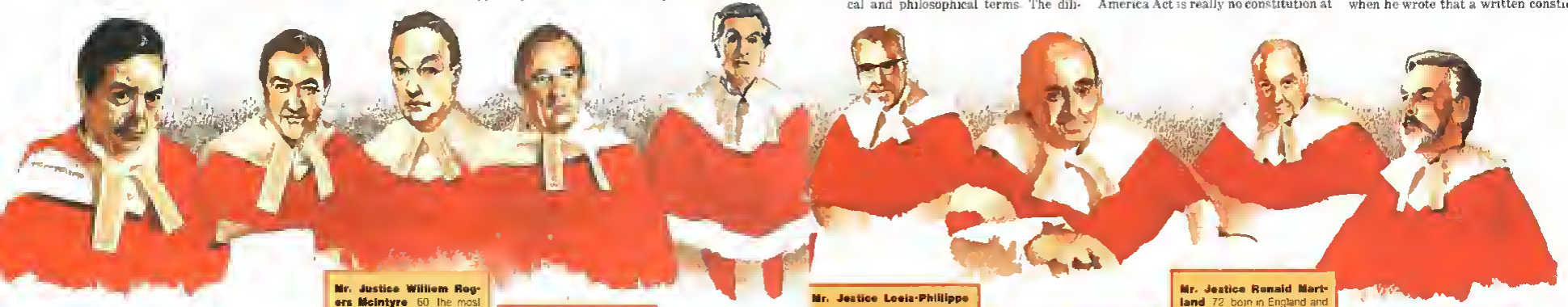
Who could blame Lalonde? Few Canadians would recognize any of the nine people on the Supreme Court of Canada who play such a vital role in the country's civic destiny Partly this is due to the justices' own reetitude and sense of decorum vis-a-vis the media, fortified no doubt by the bitter experience of being misunderstood whenever they ventured out of their judicial shells In a speech to a journalists' seminar in Ottawa a year ago, Chief Justice Bora Laskin pointedly spoke of "the appalling ignorance or reckless assessment of the judicial office by some sections of the public" In part, the anonymity of the court is also due to what seemed to be a judicial avoidance-reflex It was only five years ago that the publication of Professor Paul Weiler's book, *In the Last Resort*, a lucid study of the Supreme Court, occasioned such indigestion in the sedate chambers of the marble and wood-panelled building on Ottawa's Wellington Street, as to reportedly prompt some judges to consider getting legal opinion on whether the scholarly book could be held in contempt of court Whatever the reasons, the gulf between court and general public has bred misunderstanding on both sides Oversimplification of issues has led to easy labels describing members in terms of "left" and "right" wings In fact, it *is* a divided court It is a court at the crossroads of its development—but the dilemma is one of considerable complexity with few simple formulas for its solution

Not that everyone and their local MP isn't coming up with suggestions The Trudeau government has produced Bill C-60 which increases court seats to 11 and allocates them on a geographical basis with four for Quebec, at least one for British Columbia and the remainder "to ensure at all times" members from the Atlantic provinces, the western provinces and Ontario Last month the Task Force on Canadian Unity called for a three-tiered Supreme Court with separate benches for provincial and federal jurisdictions and one for constitutional cases

Supreme Court reform has clearly been jotted down in federal desk diaries But many informed observers think the whole direction of the proposals is wrong Says Professor Weiler, ex-chairman of the B.C. Labor Relations Board and currently Mackenzie King professor of Canadian Studies at Harvard Law School "I'm getting pretty jaundiced about it I think we're making a big mistake The entire thrust of reform in the court is on 'how do we get people there and where do we get them from?' with very, very little attention being paid to what they do when they're there and how we structure things to make it possible for them to do the best job"

The Problem What is ailing the Supreme Court is not a matter to be discussed so much in legal as in sociopolitical and philosophical terms The dilgent law clerks up in the humidified hush of the law library may be quietly making up their "bench memos" (summaries of upcoming cases) for their respective judges, but across the land times are still very much a changing The court is sitting in a period of three of these key changes First, the social Explains Mr. Justice Brian Dickson "Claims are now being advanced of a nature which would not have been dreamed of 20 years ago, claims by married women, environmentalists, native groups, children, consumer groups, athletes, all seeking relief from the courts." Second, of course, is the immense political turbulence of separatism and regionalism which threatens the very existence of Canada But most important of all is the crisis which questions some basic assumptions of the British system on which the court depends. Simply put, the question is whether to turn the court more firmly in the direction of American judicial "creativity" or to retain—and this remains the majority approach of the court—an attitude based on the British concept of the supremacy of Parliament

Though it is often referred to as our constitution, in fact the British North America Act is really no constitution at all in the U.S. sense It is a statute of the British Parliament which provides for the dividing up of spoils between the Canadian federal government and the provinces It is concerned mainly with *jurisdiction*—who gets control of what "In theory," explains Professor Peter Hogg of Osgoode Hall law school, "it is possible for a provincial government to pass a law requiring everyone to do an hour of physical exercise each day at three o'clock The only challenge could be made on jurisdictional grounds, whether this was the responsibility of the federal government rather than provincial" In other words, the BNA Act decides who is allowed to make us stand on our heads, but does not question whether any government has the right to turn us upside down in the first place For a couple of liberal centuries, the British parliamentary supremacy approach did allow both England and the Commonwealth countries to create relatively liberal societies Indeed the whole point was that citizens' rights were not curtailed by the nasty business of writing them down and possibly omitting some This was the great advantage the 19th-century master of constitutional law, A.V. Dicey, had in mind when he wrote that a written constitu-



LUIGI KIT ONLEY/ DOUG SWANSON

Mr. Justice Yves Pratte 53 son of a renowned Quebec appellate judge Received his LLL from Laval (47) and did postgraduate work in tax and corporate law at the University of Toronto (48) Practised law in Montreal for 20 years becoming head of his own firm in 1954 Dean of law at Laval (62-65) Appointed to the Supreme Court straight from practice

Mr. Justice Willard Zebedee Estey 59 son of a late Supreme Court of Canada junior Master's degree from Harvard admitted to the Saskatchewan bar (42) and the Ontario bar (47) Estey is a specialist in corporate litigation Appointed chief justice of Ontario in 1976 Appointed to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1977 Known for his administrative efficiency court-watchers believe he will take many duties off Laskin's shoulders and help lighten the chief justice's work load

Mr. Justice William Rogers McIntyre 60 The most recent appointee (December 78) to the court A member of the B.C. Court of Appeal McIntyre's appointment ended the tradition of three Ontario judges on the court Strong on criminal law and known for his dry sense of humor McIntyre's dissent on the 1975 capital murder case *Miller & Cockriell* was a judgment written in the best tradition of the Laskin Spence Dickson era relying heavily on the Canadian Bill of Rights and a strong anti-capital punishment stand Considered very much his own man no predictions are being made on how McIntyre will vote in constitutional and civil cases

Mr. Justice Robert George Brian Dickson 62 Gold medalist at Manitoba law school (38) appointed to Manitoba Court of Appeal (67) and the Supreme Court of Canada in 1973 Dickson is emerging as the major voice of the progressives on the court His judgments are renowned for their lucidity and eloquence

The Chief Justice, The Right Honorable Bora Laskin 66 Osgoode Hall law school Called to Ontario bar (37) LL.M from Harvard (37) Lectured and professor of law at Osgoode Hall and University of Toronto variously (40-65) Immensely prolific writer of legal commentaries editor of law reports author of learned works on the law Appointed to Supreme Court of Canada (70) selected chief justice in 73 Suffered major heart surgery in 78 Returned to bench in fall of 78 and is currently carrying a full schedule of casework

Mr. Justice Louis-Philippe Pigeon 74 Gold medalist at Laval law school (28) followed by appointment as professor of constitutional law at Laval Flexible and pragmatic in his constitutional judgments and feared by lawyers for his demanding questions Pigeon often leads the court when hearing Quebec civil law cases

Mr. Justice Roland Ritchie 68 Member of the Nova Scotia bar (34) distinguished war career practised law in Halifax until his appointment to the Supreme Court in 1959 Ritchie authored the Drybones judgment that gave precedence to the Canadian Bill of Rights even though he is considered aligned with the conservative court members

Mr. Justice Ronald Martland 72 born in England and emigrated to Canada in 1911 Graduated from the University of Alberta with the Chief Justice's Gold Medal and a Rhodes scholarship to Hertford College Oxford Double firsts at Oxford as well as being named Viner an Law Scholar Went directly from practice in Edmonton to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1958 A leader of the strict constructionist approach to law Martland is noted for his clarity incisive questioning and masterful control of the court's duties and procedures

Mr. Justice Jean Beetz at 51 the baby of the court Rhodes Scholar to Oxford Called to Quebec bar in 1950 dean of law University of Montreal (68 70) special counsel to the prime minister on constitutional matters (68 71) Quebec Court of Appeal (73) and Supreme Court of Canada (74) A brilliant academic and judicial career and an unpredictable cast of mind that was most refreshingly demonstrated in his dissent from the majority ruling that confirmed the legitimacy of the AIB



MARK MICHEL

Lalonde: he finally picked up the signals

tion was inferior because it would only act as a brake on the liberal spirit with which he expected Parliament to be imbued forever. The Americans never quite shared this optimism and decided that, all things considered, it would probably be wiser to spell out in their constitution individual freedoms and liberties to protect the citizen against the state. Canada, sniffing the spirit of illiberalism that the last few decades have gradually given rise to, finally decided a Bill of Rights was necessary and in 1960, John Diefenbaker sponsored one—with much fanfare and glory. The trouble was the Bill of Rights remained merely a statute, one among many, and as such did not have, in spite of its ambitious wording, the force of a constitutional check on other statutes enacted by Parliament.

Perhaps, if all of the Supreme Court judges had been bolder, it might have been possible to give the Bill of Rights the sort of yardstick authority Parliament might—or might not—have wanted it to have. But the majority members of the court could seldom bring themselves to invoke the Bill of Rights against an act of Parliament. The court's arguments were perfectly legitimate: if Parliament wanted to give the Bill of Rights special force it would have put it in the constitution. In the end this led to a lessening of the Supreme Court's own power. It has been an extraordinary irony: unlike most institutions desperate to acquire more power, the Supreme Court with its majority of conservative judges unwilling to meddle with the system has gradually eroded its own sphere of jurisdiction. The minority of the court, led by Chief Justice Bora Laskin and often joined by Justices Brian Dickson and Wishart Spence (as in the future he may be joined by new appointees Mr. Justice William McIntyre, Yves Pratte or Willard Estey—see boxes) prefer to hew out the bolder coad of upholding the rights of the individual citizen against the state. This meets with much approval from civil libertarian lawyers, the media, and many Canadians concerned about the increasing encroachment of government, though it sometimes requires stretching the judges' judicial functions almost to the point of snapping their legitimacy. And if tensions have developed in the court they are not only clashes of opinions and personality, but genuinely and profoundly felt differences about the appropriateness of a U.S. Supreme Court style of creative lawmaking—questionable even in American terms, but at least tempered by a constitution that does actually speak about civil rights—imposed on our system still (supposedly) run under the supremacy of Parliament.

The Clash. When Bora Laskin arrived at the Supreme Court in 1970, he was greeted with much icy politeness. As an academic, he had put into print some criticism of the court. But at that time the court's reputation among the only Canadians who paid much attention to it—lawyers and academics—was at an all-time low. "I think we must be blunt," wrote Weiler in 1974 in *In the Last Resort*. "The law is now made in Canada but this hardly justifies its shoddy quality. My detailed research discloses a general deterioration in craftsmanship in the last 10 years." With Laskin's appointment in 1973 as chief justice the standards of work quickly began to change. "You can tell by the references to Canadian law in the major textbooks," explains commercial law professor John McCamus, chairman of the Ontario government's Commission on Freedom of Information and Individual Privacy. "In my field of restitution law, English cases predominated. Now the 1978 edition of the authoritative textbook on the subject is sprinkled with Canadian references."

The quality of written judgments and oral questioning of counsel became tougher. In some cases it proved too much for counsel. One prairie lawyer appearing before the court to fight his own disbarment, frightened and awestruck, managed first to forget the key to his briefcase, occasioning an adjournment while he scrambled back to his hotel room, then required the court to grant him permission to move up to the Queen's Counsel bar closer to the judges since his voice was so weak. On approaching the bar, files in his hand, the trembling lawyer looked at the assembled court and fell headlong over the bar, papers flying. "Heavens," cried one of the more senior members of the bench, "I think he's dead." This remark caused much consternation, not only because of the possibility that it was true, but also since the (now retired) judge uttering it had not been heard to say anything in court for several years. Today Weiler is far more positive about the court. "The great contribution of Laskin has been that he has raised the entire intellectual tone of the court. Laskin initiated the use of the full nine-member court on as many cases as possible ("I think we owe it to the people of Canada") and made every effort to minimize the increasingly visible and sharp differences between himself and the majority on the court who preferred a narrower interpretation of statutory law (known as the "strict constructionist" approach). But the differences remain substantial and apply in every area of law: criminal, public, private and civil law. Some notable cases:

Mitchell ('75) in which the majority of the court ruled that the Parole Board is a statutory body not bound to act on a judicial basis and not required to fill the condition of the Bill of Rights guaranteeing "a fair hearing in accordance with fundamental justice." Laskin, Spence and Dickson, dissenting, said the Parole Board claims "a tyrannical authority that ... should not be tolerated by the courts."

Murdoch ('73) in which the majority held that a farm-wife was not entitled to a share in her husband's estate just because she helped her husband run the farm over many years. Laskin, dissenting, held that she was

Morgentaler ('75) in which the majority held that the Quebec Court of Ap-



STEPHEN SHAMES



Inmate in B.C. (left), loser Murdoch (below): freedom as an endangered species

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peal acted lawfully in substituting a verdict of conviction for the jury's acquittal. Laskin, dissenting, wrote that the jury's decision did not warrant such an arbitrary reversal and the appeal court should have simply ordered a new trial. (Laskin's dissent disappointed many activists who were expecting him to comment on the social issue of abortion and not what they regarded as a mere legal technicality. However, Laskin's judgment helped bring about a change in the law and jury acquittals can no longer be turned around by the courts in Canada, which might well have been the more important issue after all.)

CIGOL ('77) in which the Saskatchewan provincial government's tax levy on the Canadian Industrial Gas and Oil Ltd. of Calgary was declared unconstitutional by the majority of the court. The issue turned on the question of whether the tax was a direct one, which a province may impose, or indirect, which is a federal prerogative. In this case Laskin voted with the majority, the dissenters being Justices Dickson and de Grandpré. Many observers felt that the court used a technicality to deprive the provinces of a legitimate source of revenue.

Drybones ('70) Curiously, the court's most liberal decision came before Laskin—perhaps the only one in which the Bill of Rights triumphed against an act of Parliament. Justice Ritchie held for the majority that an Indian could not be charged with an offence—boozing it up outside a reservation—with which no other Canadian could be charged.

Party Politics and the Court As the regional interests and the threat of the Parti Quebecois pulled on Canada's social fabric, charges of a "bias" in favor of federalism began to be levelled at the Laskin court. In a study commissioned by Rene Levesque and headed by Quebec lawyer Gilbert L'Ecuyer, this was refuted. The study concluded that the BNA Act itself was clearly biased in favor of federal powers and the judges were merely doing their job of umpiring the constitution. In Toronto, Professor Peter Hogg is still at work on a study of bias, but his preliminary conclusions are the same.

Though most serious legal commentators see the merit of ensuring Quebec seats, it is difficult to find any who applaud Bill C-60's suggestions that geographical quotas be placed on the court. Though it is always hoped that the court would be as representative as it would be consistent with excellence, suggestions that regional parity should take precedence over other considerations, "is a sad day for the Supreme Court," says Professor Weiler. It may be that if Bill C-60 gets before the Supreme Court, the strict constructionists will finally unite with the creative constructionists and deny Parliament this bit of supremacy. In an emotional and moving speech Chief Justice Bora Laskin left no doubt how he felt about the issue. "The source of our appointment in no way qualifies our independence that is fundamental. We have no duty to governments, no duty to litigants, except to interpret and apply the law according to our ability."

Though current attention focuses on the constitutional issues facing the court, it is the area of criminal law, which occupies a far larger share of the court's case load, that civil libertarians and advocates of the Canadian Bill of Rights 'due process' clause have been most concerned about. Says criminal lawyer and editor of the Canadian Criminal Code Edward Greenspan: "As far as protection of the rights of the accused are concerned, not only is it fair to say there has been no extension, no bolstering or indeed any gains, but there has been a process of retrenchment."

In spite of our long allegiance to the British tradition of the supremacy of Parliament, perhaps the time has come when our legislators need the checks that a real constitution would impose upon *their* special interests and bias. Though the Americans were fortunate in drawing up their constitution in more liberal times than this era of special interests and pressure groups, where the rights of the private citizen are submerged under the bone-crushing weight of regulatory agencies and powers already beyond the reach of the court, it may still not be too late to protect the environment of our most endangered species, individual freedom. Incorporating the Canadian Bill of Rights into the BNA Act would be a good beginning and one that could unite strict constructionists and creative jurists on the court in a new era of social justice.



Weiler: 'I think we must be blunt'

Cops questioning Winnipeg Indians (below) and abortionist Morgentaler in 1971, 'a deterioration in craftsmanship'



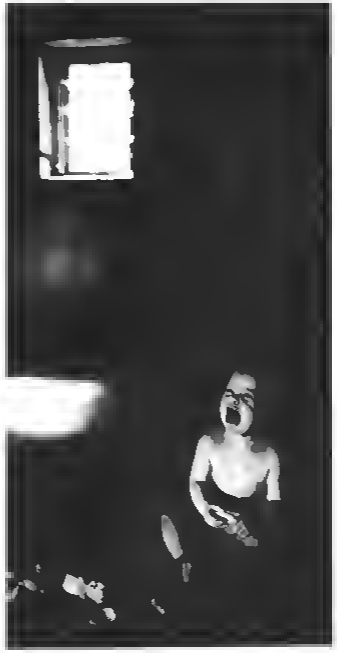


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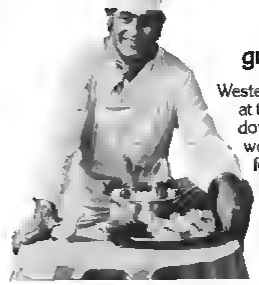
The hard life of a hard sell

"Face the facts of life," exhorts the male voice-over in two paid public-education TV messages from the Ontario ministry of community and social services which are saturating the airwaves until the end of March over every commercial TV station in the province. One 30-second spot features a the naked abdomen of a pregnant woman, the second focuses on a howling infant; in both the message is a warning to pregnant women that indulging in alcohol, drugs, junk food or tobacco can lead to delivery of a mentally defective child. "Most mental retardation can be prevented," claims the announcer, in this $320,000 kickoff to the International Year of the

Commercial's screaming baby, broken doll, concern among experts on retardation over the dubious value of shock tactics



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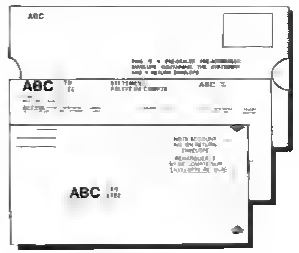
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Child which aims to reach 90 per cent of Ontario's television audience.

"I think the message is slightly skewed," says Dr. Daune MacGregor, a pediatric neurologist at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital. "The way it comes across, it sounds like if you don't drink or smoke during pregnancy, then 50 per cent of mental retardation will disappear. Shock tactics are of dubious value even when the facts are absolutely certain—and they're not at all certain in this case. There's still a lot of dispute in medical circles about the so-called social causes of mental retardation."

The ministry has rushed in where doctors fear to tread. Lately, even the statistical incidence of mental retardation is under debate, let alone the causes. MacGregor, just back from a year of study on the subject at Harvard, estimates that up to 15 per cent of the population may be regarded as mildly retarded or borderline cases, with severe cases making up about one or two per cent. The high figure for the mildly affected—until recently, three per cent was generally accepted—reflects a new medical awareness of social factors in the development of individual intelligence.

So Minister of Community and Social Services Keith C. Norton discomforted many people who work with the mentally handicapped when he introduced his ministry's ads at a news conference by saying, "Fifty per cent of mental retardation could be prevented." Pat Meyer, a co-ordinator with the National Institute on Mental Retardation, had problems with two parts of Norton's short sentence. "I think the 50-per-cent figure is inflated," she said, "and also I'm concerned that all this talk about prevention makes it easy to overlook the fact that services are still needed for those already affected."

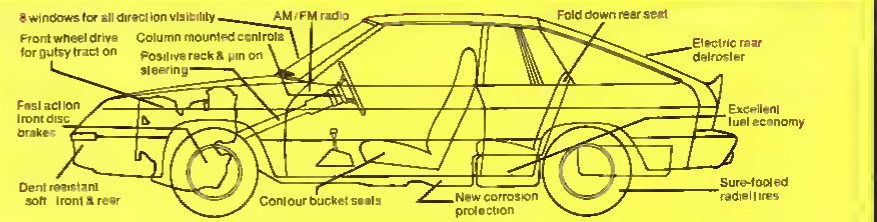
"We deliberately made the message very strong," says David V. Rudan, manager of public relations planning in the ministry's communications branch. "We wanted to grab the attention of the young women out there between 18 and 35, and convince them to get to a doctor just as soon as they know they're pregnant. If you wanted to make someone move from the path of a speeding car, you'd shout, wouldn't you?"

Mental retardation experts have declined to rally to the speeding car theory, because a car at least is identifiable. There is certainly no harm in urging pregnant women (or anyone else) to sober up, straighten out and see their doctors. But neither is there any guarantee that these steps alone mean a bright, healthy baby. There are some 200 known causes of retardation, according to *Prevention of Mental Retardation*, a manual put out by the National Institute on Mental Retardation (NIMR) and

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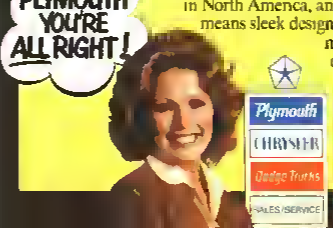




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If it hurts, see your doctor. He can help.

being distributed 6,000-strong to Ontario physicians as a backup to the commercials. But only the severe cases can be recognized immediately at birth with disorders such as Down's syndrome (mongolism) and Tay Sachs disease, or accounted for by exposure early in pregnancy to German measles. Amniocentesis—in which a sample of the fluid surrounding the fetus is drawn off for analysis—is one proven method of diagnosing some potential handicaps, but neither the funds nor the facilities are readily available in Ontario for such tests on all risky pregnancies.

In the grey area of *possible* causes, it seems that the one worst mistake a mother-to-be can make is to be poor.

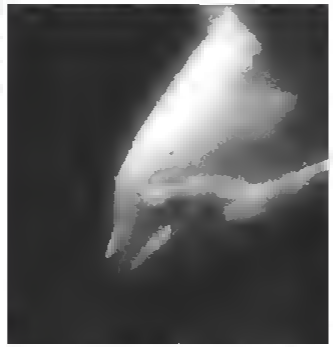


Image of pregnant woman's abdomen critics claim message is 'slightly skewed'

"Poverty is related to poor nutrition, poor health care, inadequate child care, supervision and stimulation, and to an environment that is full of extra hazards," warns the NIMR manual.

Preventing mental retardation, like ending poverty, is an extremely complex proposition, and it's an open question how much good will be achieved by a vague, scary warning to pregnant women. Although the social affairs ministry operates centres and services for the handicapped, critics argue that its priorities should be in concrete preventive measures such as immunization and newborn-screening programs.

Plans for more prevention messages await the comparison of surveys before and after the current media blitz each involving 500 interviews. "This research on whether awareness can be raised will be very helpful," says Rudan. "How do you promote social services? Most people just don't want to know about them." Responding to the suggestion that it's hard to tell *what* the 30-second spots promote, he shrugged. "Maybe what we're doing is wrong. We'll find out through public feedback."

Penney Kome

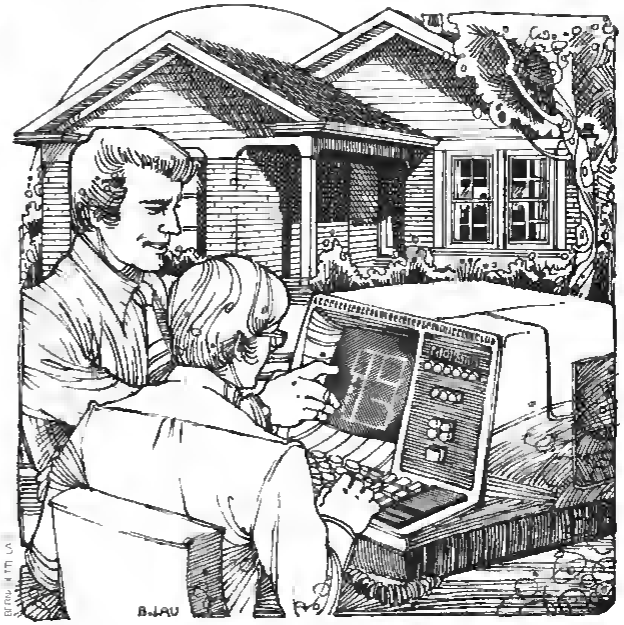
Architecture

Home is what the computer will make it

Homeowners in new subdivisions may well resent the attitude of the more affluent that their tract homes were not so much built as cloned. After all, house prices being what they are, few people can afford to hire architects to individually design their homes. Now, help is on the way. Called Computer Aided Drafting (CAD) it may be the most revolutionary idea to hit the construction industry in the past 50 years.

Developed for Boise Cascade, a major home construction and lumber firm based in Boise, Idaho, the system allows a home buyer to sit at a computer screen with a builder, and from a standard set of plans move interior walls and fixtures and non-supporting structures to create his own customized home. The computer then sends the new plans to the Boise Cascade plant, where the panels and fixtures are gathered together and shipped to the builder for assembly.

"The system works," says Canadian architect Barton Myers, who recently attended a Canadian-American housing conference on CAD "because all Boise Cascade products are standardized. You can't add a three-by-five window, for example, if Boise Cascade doesn't make one. But you can put in three four-by-six windows, and the computer will make the necessary adjustments, calculate the stress and the cost, and if they're acceptable, draw the plans. The real saving for the consumer is in the mass production of standard building components, plus the saving of the architect's fee for design, which can add as much as $15 to $20 per square foot to the cost of a house." Boise Cascade officials are reluctant to say just when the new system will go into operation, or what the savings will be. "We hope to bring the first terminals on stream sometime this year," says Jeff Grubb, spokesman for Boise Cascade, "and by the time we are fully operational, we believe that our customized homes will be as cheap, or, with standardized parts cheaper, than a typical development house today."



The system grew out of Professor Nicholas Negroponte's work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's School of Architecture. Negroponte predicted the increasing use of computers by architects as early as 1970 in a book called *The Architecture Machine*. Architects were slow to pick up on the idea, however, and until the advent of the Boise Cascade system, the main application of CAD in architecture was in large commercial undertakings in which the huge volume of drafting work justified the expense of the system.

It will be a while before Canadians see a system like Boise Cascade's. "We examined developing a system ourselves," says Glenn Robeson, of Toronto-based Cadillac Fairview, one of the country's largest construction firms, "but we simply were too diverse and had too many product lines. We have used computers in helping buyers decide what their needs might be in a new home, but not in actually designing the house itself."

Canada is keeping pace with the use of CAD in commercial buildings, however. The federal government, through the department of public works, has set up approximately 30 computers, one in each of its administrative regions across Canada, and made the technology available to universities and architecture firms as well as using it on its public works projects. "On the whole, we're very pleased with the results," says Bob Bycraft, chief of CAD development with the department. "We're likely to see more and more of these terminals, particularly in larger firms, though with central information storage systems possible, you might well find one of these in every architect's office in the not too distant future."

Architects need not fear they are going to be replaced by a TV screen and a few buttons. "Computer Aided Drafting actually enhances the creative process," says Bycraft. "The architect can use an almost limitless range of ideas, and he can recall, compare, cost and engineer them, instantly."

If, as futurists project, all of us will have a computer terminal in our homes in 10 years, a couple who buy a house today may then be able to plan an addition without ever stepping outside their door—and with the help of plans by architectural greats like Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier. And they themselves will be able to determine the materials, cost and time needed to build it. But with the constantly rising price of energy, maybe not even the computer will tell them how they can afford to heat it.

Ian Wakefield

Going through hell, travelling first-class

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In the liquor store in Sidney, British Columbia, 18 miles north of Victoria, the customer carefully assembled little piles of silver on the counter The clerk handed him a mickey of scotch in a flat brown bag and he walked out Around the corner he leaned his shoulder against a wall, his back to the busy, late Friday sidewalk He crumpled the top of the bag around the neck of the bottle and uncapped it with great speed He gulped He relaxed

Two miles to the south, off the main road to Victoria, Gillain Manor was also gearing up for a busy Friday night The Gillain guests returned from the golf courses, adjourned to saunas and Jacuzzis and freshened up in their $175-a-day rooms in accord with a regimen designed to give more lasting relaxation than the nickel-and-dime relief achieved by their soul cousin, the Sidney rubby Gillain's guests—mostly doctors, lawyers, judges, society matrons and business executives—are high-class drunks trying to dry out and stay off the bottle

"We don't call it 'drying out' or 'detoxication'," said George Strachan, 58, executive director of Gillain Manor Ltd , a subsidiary of Abacus Cities Ltd , which is a land development company listed on Alberta and Toronto stock exchanges "We call it 'medical reception' "



Strachan (centre): it's not the money



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Gillain patient relaxing with family It's more guestlike in $175-a-day room

Medical reception is performed on six hospital beds in a walled-off clinic area in the centre block of the somewhat horseshoe-shaped manor In the arms of the two sections are beds for 100 people. Patients spend up to 1 week in withdrawal in the reception area and then move for a suggested three weeks to their rooms where life is more guestlike Their spouses and employers are encouraged to stick around and participate in their therapy (at least six hours a day) for an extra $75 a person a day

Gillain Manor was built as a private treatment centre for $5 million It opened last October and by the end of January had successfully treated 40 people, among them 4 judges.

Strachan, who conceived and supervised Gillain's design, is a zealous, feisty, recovered alcoholic who has not had a drink in 34 years He says that neither he nor Abacus Cities is in it for the money. Abacus, according to Strachan, will plow all profits back into the project, either for expansion of Gillain Manor or toward funding alcoholism research. Although he estimates a recommended four-week stay costs the patient $4,900, Strachan bridles at Gillain Manor being characterized as a spa for the wealthy "It's for the employed, the employable, and their spouses," he says

Two other Canadian institutions—Henwood in Edmonton and Donwood in Toronto—offer forms of treatment similar to Gillain, although their facilities are not as luxurious and they have a greater cross-section of patients because they are covered by medicare plans But Gillain has long been needed in Canada, says Leonard Blumanthal, secretary treasurer of the Canadian Addiction Foundation "People get better if they're among people with whom they're comfortable Strachan's people have some bucks and they are with other people who have bucks."

Strachan is awaiting word from the B.C. Medical Services Plan on whether the province will pick up 25 to 40 per cent of patients' tabs Among many in Canada's missions and hostels, and out among the mickey clutchers on the curbstone, the news that it may only cost them $3,000 of their own money to be cured at Gillain Manor might be greeted with ambivalence **Robert Stall**



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It takes a fisherman to ensnare one . . .

Lobster poaching on Canada's East Coast is insidious. not only does it decrease present stocks but it reduces the potential for years to come by removing female lobsters before they can spawn It was splendid news, therefore, whan a unique and innovative program in Prince Edward Island cut lobster poaching during the fall season last year by 80 per cent.

The program, to be continued and probably extended to the spring season this year, was deceptively simple. the federal department of fisheries, which didn't have the manpower allotment to hire additional inspectors, provided a $70,000 grant to the P E I Fishermen's Association to police the industry themselves With the money the Prince County Local hired 12 wardens, most of them fishermen who left their licences in abeyance for the season to act as watchdogs

"The key element in the program," says Bill Murphy, area manager for Fisheries and Oceans Canada, "was the fact that here was a commitment coming from the fishermen themselves." That commitment proved the turning point in the poaching, which saw $200,000 in undersized lobster taken in 1977.

The credit must go to the fishermen, who submitted a double-barrelled brief to Fisheries Minister Roméo LeBlanc asking both for increased protection for the industry and for the money to provide it themselves The money went to the Prince County Local of the association, where the western end of District 8 is the "hard-core centre" of lobster poaching on the island

Chosen and assisted by fishermen's committees set up in each port in the district, the new fishermen-wardens met with their compatriots as well as patrolling the fishing grounds With surprisingly little effort and no violence, they succeeded



Warden watchss fishsman throw back s small lobster· tha message got through

While stakeouts and surveillance were part of the job, the wardens spent much of the time on the wharves checking catches, searching boats and building up a rapport with fishermen

Says Adrian Doucette, a warden from St. Louis, P E I: "The fishermen were very co-operative They felt I was hired by the fishermen to do a job that needed to be done and that made my work much easier."

Says Murphy: "The guys fishing illegally gradually got the message that they weren't going to get away with it."

Murphy, like many in the Maritimes, hopes the program will be taken on in New Brunswick, where Islanders and New Brunswickers share a common fishing ground in one district It isn't going to be easy New Brunswick is a province notorious for violence between salmon poachers and inspectors Ted Gaudet, area manager for Fisheries Canada in Shippegan, N.B., says the violence in salmon fishing can be attributed partially to location—a confrontation on land might easily come to blows But out on the water, lobstermen would be reluctant to act violently

Still, Gaudet says chances are good that should fishermen in his province take on the project—and lobster poaching is a major problem in New Brunswick—they will face violence. "It already happened this fall. We had a couple of incidents where there was violence and where one of our fisheries officers was hurt."(New Brunswick wardens carry side arms these days as a result of too many shots in the dark in recent years and harassment of their families by the poachers.) Nonetheless, Gaudet is optimistic that if the fishermen form port committees as in P E I, the unified approach will lessen the chances of violence

Meetings are planned for early February between P E I and New Brunswick officials, as well as with the province's lobster fishermen, and the program could be under way there this year. Fisheries Canada officials in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, though lobster poaching is only a minor problem there, say they are also looking at the program

During the last two weeks of the season in P E I an average of 1,000 undersized lobsters were returned to water per fisherman per day in District 8, and this compares with 200 a day in 1977 Adelard Gallant of the Prince County Local, one of the fishermen directly involved with the brief that sparked the whole thing, says that the $70,000 grant from Fisheries Canada preserved $300,000 worth of short lobsters that will reach maturity this season. And Gallant figures that is a good investment for the federal government.

Susan Soucoup

Relax today, tomorrow the world



RICHARD PERRIE/MACLEAN'S



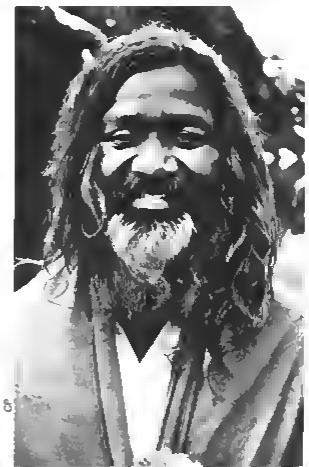
TM practitioner Clarkson, the Maharishi: joy is being able to meditate anywhere, 'an planes, buses— and aven the subway'



Some two million people around the world—190,000 of them in Canada—have learned the technique of sitting quietly, closing their eyes and reciting a "mantra"—a daily exercise designed to clear the mind of random thoughts and attune it to enter a state of deep relaxation. At the end of 20 minutes, the meditator opens his eyes and, presumably refreshed, plugs back into society.

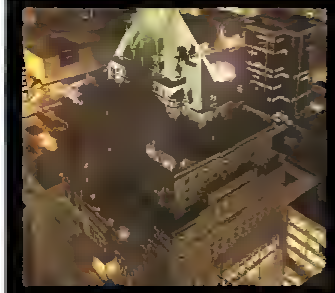
Transcendental meditation—and the rest and recreation achieved during what U S researcher Robert Keith Wallace calls a "fourth state of consciousness"—has emerged as a potent, if controversial, tool of relaxation since its introduction to the West in 1959 by Indian religious leader Maharishi Mahesh Yogi Until recently, however, its focus has been on personal fulfilment But two years ago, the Maharishi announced the formation of a "world government" based in Seelisberg, Switzerland, and now, in 1979, the "year of all possibilities," TM has blossomed into a movement with global ambitions

Such diverse notables as stress expert Dr Hans Selye, futurist R. Buckminster Fuller and retired football great Joe Namath are converts to TM, which reduces physical stress by apparently decreasing oxygen consumption and thereby relieving the heart of up to 25 per cent of its work load. "Being involved in many stress-producing activities, I find TM an important part of my life," says Professor Max Clarkson, dean of the University of Toronto Faculty of Management Studies and an 18-year TM veteran. "I can get by with far less sleep and I can meditate anywhere—on planes, buses, even the subway."



Critics have maintained that the initiation fee of $150 per adult—to cover instruction in the meditation technique and the giving of the personal mantra, a Sanskrit word of recitation, is inconsistent with the idea of imparting a spiritual gift And the six-week, $3,000 advanced course in TM-Sidhi, which is claimed to give its graduates access to such powers as defying gravity, has been greeted with widespread public skepticism. Converts have replied that TM is merely a technique, not a religion or philosophy.

The Maharishi's "government," with 10 exotic-sounding "ministries" ranging from cultural integrity to consciousness development, aims to "raise the level of world consciousness, create an ideal society and bring invincibility to every nation," in the words of official TM literature, by converting one per cent of the population to TM. The basis for the drive is a 1975 study by sociologists Candace Borland and Garland Landrith, showing that certain medium-sized U S cities, in which one per cent of the population were TM practitioners, experienced an eight-per-cent drop in crime over a one-year period. In contrast, a control group of cities which had less than one per cent of TM meditators showed an eight-per-cent rise in criminal activity.



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Last June, the Maharishi selected areas in 108 countries as sites for the development of "ideal societies" to be achieved by the acceptance of the TM program by one per cent of the populations. Washington state and Rhode Island in the U.S. and Quebec and British Columbia in Canada were selected as targets for concentrated efforts to win new converts. Approaches have already been made to educational institutions, high-stress professions and the military.

Last summer, the Quebec education ministry submitted a Green Paper asking for the public's suggestions on how to improve the school system. In response, the world government presented a brief proposing TM instruction for all students, with the cost to be absorbed by the schools. Raymond Jensen, director of Protestant Education Services, admits that "all proposals are being considered," but adds, "this one sounds way-out to me."

Canada's air traffic controllers aren't buying TM, either. After considering a TM proposal to teach the technique to their members, both the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association and the Federal Ministry of Transport turned them down. Says CATCA President Jim Livingston: "There are likely some controllers who would benefit from TM, but we neither reject nor endorse it."

Positive support *has* come from the medical profession. Last August, 100 West German doctors petitioned their government to include TM in the government health plan, and British doctors followed suit. Neither government has committed itself to the program, but in Australia, TM has been declared acceptable as a medical benefit for patients with psychological problems. During the past few months, a "global peace squad" of volunteers has ventured into such hot spots as Nicaragua, Lebanon, Iran, Rhodesia and Thailand, spending several weeks meditating to improve the areas' "vibrations." Undaunted, the TM movement has tapped Lieutenant-Colonel J.W. Cramwinckel, a retired Dutch military officer to spread the TM word to active and retired military people around the world.

TM has already had some success in curbing violence. An experimental program in Folsom State Prison in California has taught over 300 prisoners the TM technique in three years. Of those prisoners instructed, only five per cent have returned to prison, as opposed to the usual 60-per-cent recidivism rate.

What's ahead for TM and its "world government" in "the year of all possibilities?" "We're not sure yet what the Maharishi has in store for us," one insider says. "But whatever it is, it should be exciting."

Claire Gerus

Bey makes hay, and how

Salome Bey, who on Broadway has played God's Mother, has traded in her diadem for a red dress and feathers. The star of *Indigo*, an all-black cabaret revue that, since it opened last October, has been drawing capacity crowds to Basin Street, a Toronto jazz venue, Bey has quit the land of healin' water and is singing about bootleg liquor, champagne and wine.

Subtitled "A fun-lovin' look at the Blues," *Indigo* traces the history of black American music from field hollers and spirituals to Stevie Wonder and Patti Labelle. Besides top billing, Bey gets credit for the concept and script, but it's not a one-woman show. The cast also includes three musicians, directed by Denzil A. Miller Jr., who play and swap cracks, and two less familiar, though just as engaging, male co-stars: Dennis Simpson, a beaming gangly hoofer, and Ron Small.

In separate medleys, Bey pays tribute to Ethel Waters, Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday without resorting to imitative effects. She has her own vocal gifts—a growl that's an easy match for Etta James's and stylish control that stands comparison to Sarah Vaughan's. Usually commended as much for her quiet dignity as for her husky contralto, this time Bey is rearing to cook and ready to clown. She pokes fun at Diana Ross, impersonates Pearl Bailey with a lazy drawl and an easy sashay, and mines every innuendo in *My Man Is a Handy Man*. Her new, abandoned ways surprise even herself. "I've never performed like this before. I guess I'm just *wild* now." She's grateful to the show's director, Bette Howard, for helping to bring out the floozie in her.

Indigo might well be the breakthrough success for Salome Bey. She moved to Toronto in 1964 to marry Howard Matthews, now the co-owner of the Underground Railroad, a soul-food restaurant. Raised in the ghetto of Newark, New Jersey, she has been singing since she was a child. As a teenager she won a contest at the Apollo Theater in Harlem and later, with a brother and sister, toured the jazz circuit as Andy and the Bey Sisters. Like a number of black female vocalists who have lived in Toronto—among them, Jodi Drake, Almeta Speaks, Dianne Brooks—she had trouble finding opportunities commensurate with her talents. Television appearances and stints at local clubs won her critical praise and loyal followers, but she found bigger rewards out of town. In 1972 she received a Best Actress OBIE award for her performance as Earth Mother in *Love Me, Love My Children*, a show that originated in Toronto. There was a brief appearance on Broadway in *Dude*, an ill-fated effort by *Hair*' composers Gerome Ragni and Galt MacDermot. For more than two years she played Mary in the Broadway musical *Your Arm's Too Short to Box with God*, in 1977 receiving a Grammy nomination for her performance on the cast album.

But it has taken *Indigo* to make her a full-fledged local celebrity and she's not sorry she stuck it out. "I know that if I had stayed in the States for a while, certain things would have happened but I wanted them to happen here, because this is where I live. Now, all of a sudden, you can't go down the street without people coming over

RHIAN WILLER-MACLEAN'S



Bey: the blues brings out the floozie in her

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to ask, 'How's your show doing?'"

The time is right to make hay. *Indigo* and Salome Bey are hot properties. Firm offers have flowed in from Bermuda, Vancouver, Edmonton, Montreal, Charlottetown, Halifax, Paris, Chicago, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Dennis Strong, Bey's personal manager for the last two years, and company manager for *Indigo*, says that future plans are not absolutely definite but most likely the show will stay in Toronto until midsummer (maybe longer, with a replacement cast), and then tour Canada. The CBC has scheduled a Salome Bey *Superspecial* to be taped in the spring and Strong is busy investigating concert appearances and suitable record deals. (A special radio adaptation will be broadcast on CBC Radio Feb. 10 and 11.) Strong, a natty, articulate man whose talk about product and markets is as smooth as his hairless pate, does not believe in low profiles. "In Canada, there's a feeling that it's gaudy to hype something. And it *is* if you haven't got the goods, but I've been brought up in a climate that says if you've got it, flaunt it."

Bey herself is not the flaunting kind. Even near the end of the show when she throws away her store-bought bouffant and whips the air with her beaded plaits, she's still a little hesitant. Her reserve, rather than detracting from her high spirits, adds a bashful charm. She does not fit any stereotypical images of excess, nurtured by stories of Billie Holiday's smack habit or pictures of Aretha's wedding dress with the mink trim and 7,000 pearls. Bey doesn't smoke or drink, she eats no meat but a little chicken; she's a loving parent who cares about all children, not only her two daughters, Tuku, 11, and Saidah, 4, and a newly adopted baby, Marcus Malcolm.

There's a lot about Salome Bey's personality that seems to support her reputation as earth mother: the disarming shyness, the way, in the course of an interview, she can fix her gaze out the window and still be attentive. But she's not so spiritual that she doesn't acknowledge, matter-of-factly and without bitterness, that her recognition has been a long time coming. "Maybe I'm sounding egotistic, but I think I deserved much better than what I received, because I think I put out a lot and I don't think I got it back. And it hurt." Now that audiences are responding with the enthusiasm her stellar performance deserves, she says, "I feel very good that they feel that way about me." And flashing a worldly gap-toothed grin, adds, "I'd like them to feel it a little more—some extra TV, recordings, things like that."

David Livingstone



BLAIR GABENATZ

Books

A feast unfit for a king

LIVIA OR BURIED ALIVE
by Lawrence Durrell
(Oxford, $12.95)

He would probably like to compare himself with vintage wine, indeed he would probably specify a particular vineyard and year. As an appendix to his latest novel, *Livia*, he obligingly provides the menu for a feast graced by his characters. But the truth is that Lawrence Durrell is coming more and more to resemble an elderly slab of cheese. Addicts may enjoy him, but many will be put off by the perfume of decay.

Livia is not so much a novel as an excuse for fine writing. The prose is laced with loose strands of plot—a spider's web of medieval Knights Templars, Nazis, lesbians, gypsies, Freudians, and assorted ruminants on Art. Most of the words are located in Avignon, famous for its popes and the Marquis de Sade. But whereas Durrell's most famous work, *The Alexandria Quartet*, brought a haunting city to life, his Avignon of the '30s stays distant and inert. Alexandria became a leading character, Avignon remains a backdrop.

Nonetheless, Durrell writes so well that it's churlish to be angry and difficult to be bored. On almost every page you can find a description, an idea or an epigram most writers would prepare with care and display with glee. Durrell tosses them off apparently without effort. His travel books on the Greek islands were a delight because there a landscape and a people gripped his imagination. *Livia* seems all too free and easy: behind the elegant facade, it's lushness for lushness's sake.

This is the second of a projected quincunx of novels—books supposedly related to each other like the dots on a five in dice. Likewise the long-lost treasure of the Templars, sought by a few of the characters, may lie buried under a quincunx of sycamores. Everything is portentously related to everything else. The vaunted correspondences between *Livia* and its predecessor, *Monsieur*, are little more than pretentious. It's as though he has mapped out a jungle through which he can scarcely clear a path.

If you don't mind the affectation, *Livia* makes a pleasant read. Devotees of the high life will find many things waiting for devotion. Start at the back, start at the front, start in the seductive middle, nothing matters much. The best comment on *Livia* comes, of course, from Lawrence Durrell. In the poem *Sarajevo*, long ago, he wrote: "No history much? Perhaps. Only this ominous/Dark beauty flowering under veils,/Trapped in the spectrum of a dying style." He will be stylish to the bitter end.

Mark Abley

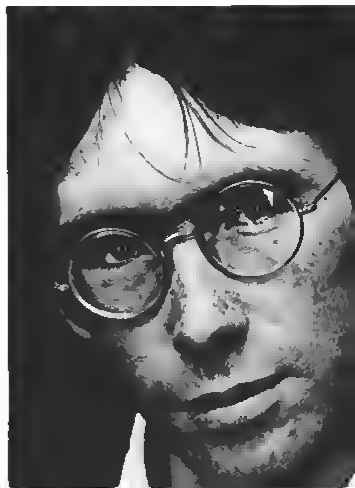
Durrell and good friend Henry Miller (above): a tropic of torpor

Punk, as crooned by Perry Como

THE CEMENT GARDEN
by Ian McEwan
(Clarke, Irwin, $11.25)

Ian McEwan is not pretty. Lacklustre eyes gaze limply from underneath brows that creep not only across but down the bridge of his nose, and on his cheeks a fresh crop of pimples fights for space through an undergrowth of acne scars and beard stubble. He is unobtrusively ugly: the adolescent ignored by his mates and sneered at by girls, the young man dismissed after a cursory glance. Mistake. At

McEwan: the strong going limp



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31, McEwan writes with an overwhelming force and precision about a world that is brutal and evil, a world that is all the more horrifying because it lurks behind a drab, everyday facade. At his best he echoes the ingenuous evil that John Fowles portrayed in *The Collector*. He has brought punk to fiction, an achievement that earned him the Somerset Maugham Award for his first collection of short stories, *First Love, Last Rites*, and pushed him to *The Sunday Times* best-seller list with his second book, *In Between the Sheets*.

In *The Cement Garden*, his first novel, McEwan runs true to form by once again creating the dreary row-house existence of the English lower middle class. The story is told by Jack, one of four children of a sadistic brute crippled with heart disease and his drudge of a wife. Jack is a typical McEwan creation: an introverted anti-social adolescent with unplumbed depths of sadism and decadence. He narrates the novel with a clinical dispassion that by its very flatness both emphasizes the ghastliness of the situation and makes it credible.

Jack's father quickly dispatches himself by suffering a fatal heart attack while trying to cement over the back garden. Two years later the mother dies of a lingering illness leaving the four offspring alone in a large old house that is itself the survivor of what was once a row. They have no relatives, no family friends, and, because it is summer, no teachers, there are no authority figures in this domestic *Lord of the Flies*. Left to their own devices, they mix up a cement coffin and bury their mother in an old trunk in the cavernous basement. As the body in the cellar rots and a large crack appears in the poorly mixed concrete, the sibling relationships putrefy upstairs. The house with its awful secret becomes both a refuge and a prison, the only intrusions occasional visits from Derek, a professional hustler.

In this topsy-turvy world he represents a sane and moral force. Julie, the eldest daughter, becomes the maternal figure and reduces the youngest child, a boy of six, first to an imitation girl, complete with curly wig and frilly dress, and then to a mewling baby who sleeps in a crib in her room. To complete the incestuous circle, Julie and Jack become lovers, a relationship observed by baby Tom and condoned by the other sister, Sue. Just as this regression/progression is established, Derek appears and calls in the authorities.

With that final paragraph McEwan smashes the anarchic metaphor he has so skilfully created and jolts his readers back to the safe territory of policemen and social workers. McEwan has gone soft, a limpness that is both frustrating and surprising for readers accustomed to the frightful progression of his earlier fiction. It's like punk rock sung by Perry Como.

Sandra Martin

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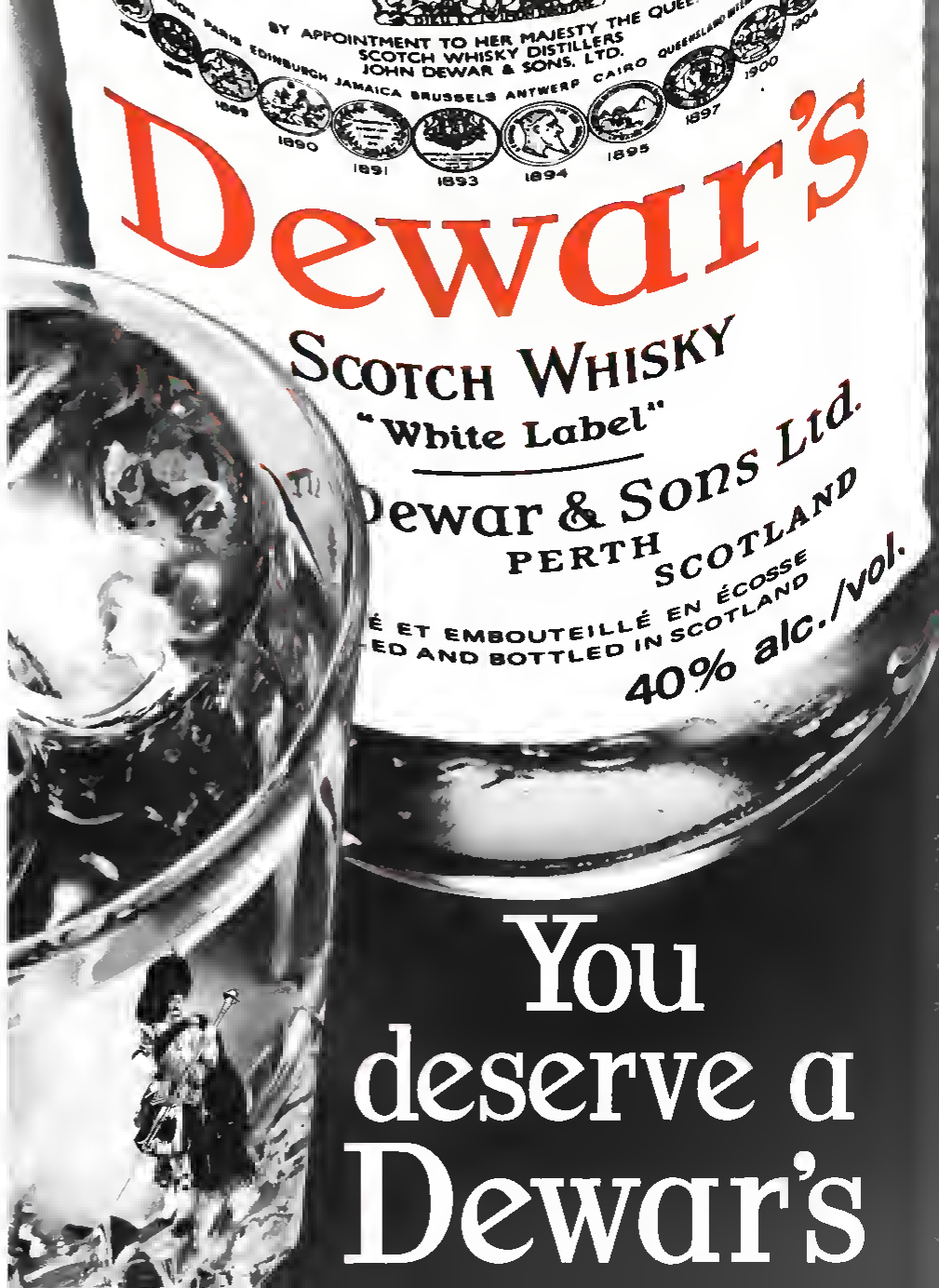
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CAMERA PRESS/FROM IN FASHION

Dressing up and down: forgetting our better natures and looking foolish

Clothes make the masses

SEEING THROUGH CLOTHES
by Anne Hollander
(Penguin $29.95)

IN FASHION: DRESS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
by Prudence Glynn
(Methuen $22.50)

Most writing about clothes seems to be the work of two breeds: the chronically gleeful and the perpetually disgruntled. Fashion is either an awful lot of fun or a curse that makes us forget our better natures and look foolish in public. Anne Hollander's uncommon achievement in *Seeing Through Clothes* is to bring intelligence to bear on the subject of duds. She manages to be serious without being priggish and lighthearted without being vacuous.

Hollander is an art historian clear-headedly engaged by clothes. In six thematic chapters—"Drapery," "Nudity," "Undress," "Costume," "Dress" and "Mirrors"—she documents, with the aid of numerous illustrations, her thesis that Western art, depicting nudes or dressed figures, has always reflected and influenced what people wear. She argues convincingly that styles change in response to a visual need, a society's hankering to behold, and be beheld in, something different. Those less learned in art than Hollander herself might wish that she had left some of her erudition at home, but her scholarship frequently takes rakish turns. Writing about the subject in a painting by Thomas Gainsborough, she says: "Musidora is in fact a hybrid figure, a rococo image straining against the neoclassic mode. She is one of the last nude ladies to bend over at the waist and cross her legs while sitting."

That clothing is an esthetic concern is not news. In 1937, novelist Elizabeth Bowen observed: "Dressing is the one art the unqualified must practise." Hollander's original contribution is to fix some of the ephemeral artistic forces that, in various times and places, have determined the preferred looks both in garments and the bodies they cover. Whether on bellies in Rembrandt, Pre-Raphaelite hair, Chanel suits or Jack Nicholson's cap in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, her comments are trenchant and entertaining.

Prudence Glynn, fashion editor of the London *Times* and author of *In Fashion: Dress in the Twentieth Century*, takes a more pedestrian approach to the art of clothing. She traces shifts in contemporary modes to such sources as birth control, heating in modern office buildings and a crude, hackneyed version of sexual politics. Dropping the word "ergonomic" like a game-show contestant who wins something each time she uses it, and quoting Barbara Cartland's memoirs, she passes chirpy, informed opinions on Poiret and Norman Hartnell, the miniskirt and military uniforms.

High-spirited and occasionally funny, Glynn can sometimes be waspish. Even if they were fashion innovators, hippies were unclean. Or, "Even if further evidence were needed that Bessie Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson would have been quite unsuitable as Queen of England, it could be supplied by the fact that she was obsessively chic." (Besides, she had a "froggy mouth.") Glynn is more informative when less giddy, as in her treatment of incidentals such as zippers, rainwear and dry cleaning, and in discussing practical matters such as design school, the economics of the clothing industry and the development of synthetic fabrics. A chapter on the chemist's significance to modern dress is enlightening but might have been more so had Glynn addressed herself to subtler questions. How did "polyester leisure suit" turn into a facile and uncharitable putdown?

Glynn's book suffers in comparison with Hollander's more thoughtful observations, but, because fashion reporting is so often just all big type and exclamation marks, one is inclined to deem it a mercy, even if it only comes in a sample size. **David Livingstone**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1)**
2 **Overload, *Halley* (3)**
3 **Chesapeake, *Michener* (2)**
4 **Fools Die, *Puzo* (6)**
5 **Olde Charlie Farquharson's Testament, *Harron* (4)**
6 **The Far Pavilions, *Kaye* (9)**
7 **SS-GB, *Deighton* (5)**
8 **Gnomes, *Huygen* (7)**
9 **Prelude to Terror, *MacInnes* (10)**
10 **Who Do You Think You Are?, *Munro***

NONFICTION

1 **Ironmen Dynasty, *Newman* (1)**
2 **Mommie Dearest, *Crewford* (2)**
3 **If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bomback* (5)**
4 **The Wild Frontier, *Berton* (3)**
5 **A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous Fourteenth Century, *Tuchman* (4)**
6 **Joy of Hockey, *Nicol/Mora***
7 **The Country Life Book of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, *Talbot* (7)**
8 **Faeries, *Froud/Lee***
9 **The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (8)**
10 **Kerah Canadiens, *Karsh* (9)**

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Elegant, my dear Watson

MURDER BY DECREE
Directed by Bob Clark

If you were to look for the right word to describe *Murder By Decree* you would have to go into the archives, lift it lightly from its resting place, and dust it off. The word? Splendid. And if Agatha Christie had directed movies instead of writing mysteries, she might have made this one. The clues suspense, wit, style, easefulness and pervasive moral force *Murder By Decree*, an evocation of 1888 London replete with gas lamps, fog and the percussive, eerie sound of clip-clop on cobblestones, may well be the best commercial Canadian movie ever made and, of the 134 movies made featuring Sherlock Holmes, the best of them.

Holmes (Christopher Plummer), with the faithful Watson (James Mason), this time meets his match in the real-life Jack the Ripper, throat-shitter of streetwalkers whose still-warm corpses he eviscerated and whose identity still remains a mystery. The superlatively literate screenplay by John Hopkins takes off from the since-discredited premise that the Duke of Clarence was the killer, suggesting that the heinous crimes were organized in high places to protect the established order and curtail a rising radical mood in England. Hopkins' simple but impassioned point—that crushed under the wheels of the well-oiled status quo were innocents—gives the movie a humanity the other Sherlock Holmes movies don't have, and gives Holmes himself an emotional life underneath the polished veneer. Shredded by the machinations of the Victorian political underworld are people like Annie Crook (Geneviève Bujold), on whose incarceration in an asylum the plot hinges, and Mary Kelly (Susan Clark), whose intelligence of it becomes politically dangerous.

Hopkins' narrative is as flawless as a palindrome and the director, Bob Clark, has the perfect, probing, leisured pace for it. And he doesn't betray the genre, either: hansoms bear crow-black passengers through soup-thick fog, Reginald Morris' photographic re-creation of London a washed-out Turner painting, the killer moving fluidly, a noiseless predator in the drizzle, the authentic Bram Stoker atmosphere with suggestions of vampirism.

But at the movie's core is the relationship of Holmes and Watson: one slightly vain, awfully cunning and with a mind like a lancet; the other patient, playful and not terribly bright, both secretly delighted by the other—a true, quiet friendship. No other role has brought out Mason's wit as much: where others would have gobbled, he nibbles delicately. His tiff with Holmes over a lone green pea ("I'm trying to corner the last pea on my plate"), destined to become a classic, is delivered by a man who has learned the value of a whisper and the short journey of a shifting glance. It's an actor's movie and, except for Susan Clark's lamentable decision to play *Guernica*, everyone displays his best china. Plummer, Donald Sutherland as a psychic and, in a cameo, Bujold, in a poignantly mimed performance, as a woman who's one word away from sanity.

Mannerist, marvelous, more than a splendid entertainment, *Murder By Decree*, as sophisticated verbally as it is visually, is the thinking man's thriller.

Lawrence O'Toole



Triple salchows, no pretensions

ICE CASTLES
Directed by Donald Wrye

The very fact that *Ice Castles* survives the presence of Robby Benson, a whiny-voiced beauty who may be the worst young actor in films today, would be enough to recommend it. But survive him it does, to develop into a warmhearted little movie with few pretensions and no overblown cosmic messages. Given the bare bones of the plot—talented skater found in boonies, gets big break, rises to the top, loses sight in accident, finds love, makes big comeback—*Ice Castles* sounds like it could as easily be a satire, like *Movie Movie*, on the inspirational films of the '30s. While it is difficult to applaud the return of this genre, one must accept the fact that it has returned, and treat its various manifestations in their own context. *Rocky* was great, *Uncle Joe Shannon* was so-so. *Ice Castles* is pretty good, and so on.

The heroine, Lynn-Holly Johnson, looks and acts like the young Sondra Locke (which is high praise) and is particularly memorable in a mad attic scene with the wonderful Colleen Dewhurst, a butch-with-a-heart-of-gold character who launches the girl's skating career and then, in *Miracle Worker*-style-showdown, relaunches it. Johnson, a featured skater in the Ice Capades, also provides some exquisite ice work, choreographed by Canadian Brian Foley, whose credits include Toller Cranston's *The Ice Show*. Tom Skerritt and Jennifer Warren as the girl's overpossessive father and barb-edged coach, manage, by and large, to transcend their stereotypes. Of course the script is one long cliché, but the limits of the genre preclude anything else. And, frankly, there is a certain authenticity to the dialogue, as there is visually: the echoing sounds of empty arenas should trigger childhood memories.

John Gault

They done her wrong this time

SEXTETTE
Directed by Ken Hughes

Mae West, diva of the dirty intonation, original midwife of the innuendo, is in her 80s. That's the conservative estimate. At her time of life she's lucky to be breathing, let alone slumming on the silver screen. In *Sextette* she plays Marlo Manners, a sex goddess whose undercover work on her wedding night is for Uncle Sam. The plot doesn't bear repetition and the movie, of course, is terrible, with tap-dancing bellboys and worse. Mae herself, hand on her hip and sashaying as best an octogenarian can, tamping her aureate Babel wig, walks through her scenes like a frail Japanese lady. She sings songs, tries on dresses and reclines on sofas trying to look desirable. But you really have to hand it to her—she can still turn "honey" into the friendliest word in the world. She sings *Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen* to some spectacularly endowed young men and a duet, *Love Will Keep Us Together* with her young husband. It's awful, embarrassing, brave, full of life and touching. Mae West's career was truncated by the censors. When *Sextette* opened in Toronto, two radio stations refused to run ads featuring some of her dialogue ("Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"). Mae West is in her 80s. A conservative estimate. Sophistication is a slow, slow process. You have to wait even longer in Canada.

Lawrence O'Toole



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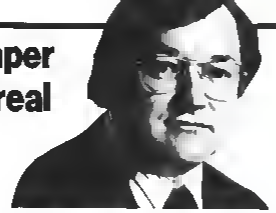
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The hero who flew into a week-long temper and blocked the big bad bear from Montreal



By Allan Fotheringham

The most useful weapon in politics is spurious anger. Those who cannot manufacture passion cannot generate it in the voters. John Diefenbaker, naturally, was the best proof of that, able on a moment's notice to summon giant buckets of outrage that took hours to empty, word by word. It was one of the fatal political weaknesses of Lester Pearson he could never bring himself to fake a tantrum. (Joe Clark can't quite get the accelerator past the indignant stage on his own emotional speedometer. He would be wise to slip around to George Hees's place on Tuesday afternoons for some classes in histrionics.) In successful politicians, there is so much ham you could slice it with a page boy.

Best current example is provided by last week's cover hero, Bill Bennett, who flew into a week-long temper and blocked the big bad bear from Windsor Station, Ian Sinclair, from swallowing huge MacMillan Bloedel, thereby saving virginal little British Columbia from the terrible predators of Lower Canada. It was a tale of bravery that would bring tears to the orbs of the most heartless corporate raider. What Bill Bennett saw, actually, was not a red haze before his eyes but a way of beating the NDP in a spring election. What he did was produce an outrageous example of government interference in the marketplace that, done by a party of another persuasion, would have brought in everything, including the marines. What it all illustrates is that it doesn't matter what a politician does. It is the perception of what he is that really counts.

Because the perception is that Premier Bennett is a rabid free enterpriser, he can get away with things that no socialist could. When then-premier Dave Barrett set up public car insurance and passed a Land Commission Act that is now a North American model, *Barron's* of Wall Street—that journal for those whose politics still reside with Teddy Roosevelt—called Barrett "the Allende of the North." When Bennett—with no laws, rights or precedents to back him up—orders Canadian Pacific Investments to unhand the MacMillan Bloedel forest kingdom mainly because CPI is from Montreal—the premier is hailed as a brilliant leader.

It's good politics, granted. Bennett, who suspected he couldn't get elected by running against the socialists and the unions, has decided he can get elected by running against big business. And, of course, he will retain his credentials as the bastion of capitalism in B.C. just as Peter Lougheed, the repository of free-enterprise moral principles in Alberta, went out and bought Pacific Western Airlines without blinking and then went back to denouncing government (*federal* government, that is) intrusion in the marketplace. He is safe. He is perceived as an unbending right winger.



Once the perception is complete and inviolate, any sort of hypocrisy is tolerated. Sinclair's CPI was not allowed to toy with MacBlo, announced Bennett, because he wanted to make sure the resources of the province would continue to be controlled by the citizens of the province. That, despite the fact that B.C. residents are the greatest hewers of wood and drawers of water in the country and probably own less of their resources than any equivalent population.

The blushing Mr. Sinclair, a shy lad, was too diffident to finger Crown Zellerbach, Rayonier, Weyerhaeser, Scott Paper and like U.S. giants who reap the local forests. B.C. Forest Products is controlled by Noranda. The two major fish companies are controlled from outside. B.C. mines? What Mitsubishi, Mitsui and Nippon Kokan of Tokyo do not control, Kaiser of Oakland does. B.C. is a branch-plant economy. Even the small-town papers are owned by the Sterling chain which originated in Sherbrooke, Quebec. (Bennett has managed a unique feat, designating a Montreal conglomerate *less Canadian* than a B.C. conglomerate.) MacMillan Bloedel itself? That Bennett was so eager to keep for B.C.? Only 20 per cent of it is owned by residents of B.C. Not to worry—the perception of the valiant Socred Horatio at the bridge is implanted.

One strays from the philosophical path whenever necessary. Principles are fine, but power is better. There was once a liberal called Rene Lévesque who re-elected the Lesage government by nationalizing the Quebec power companies and creating Quebec Hydro. Bill Bennett's father, when he couldn't bend the B.C. Electric Co. to his will, suddenly confiscated it in a lightning move. When the private ferry system went on strike, he nationalized the ferries—then stayed in power for 20 years by warning that the "socialist hordes are at the gate."

Perceptions are most persistent. R.B. Bennett has gone down in the public mind as the heartless father of the Depression, a classic Tory. Little matter that he set up the CBC, CNR and TCA (now Air Canada), three public enterprise institutions that so distinguish us from the buccaneer Americans.

That is what sets our current prime minister so apart. Does anyone doubt that Pierre Trudeau, the champion chameleon of our time, would adopt the policies of Socred leader Lorne Reznowski if they were necessary for re-election? As the hippy-dippy priest of welfare of one election lurches into an imitation of a stern bureaucracy-slasher of another election, does anyone doubt his "pragmatism?" As the politician said, "I've got principles. And if you don't like them—I've got other ones."





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